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THE  
SHEPHERDS  
Calender :

CONTEYNING TWELVE  
Aeglogues, proportionable to the  
*twelve Moneths.*

ENTITVLED,  
To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most wor-  
thy of all tytles, both of learning and chiuallric,  
Maister *Philip Sidney.*



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Iohn Harrison the  
yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Row, at the  
figae of the Anchor.

1597.

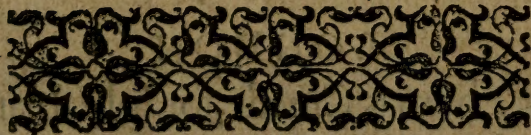




TO HIS BOOKE.

Go little booke: thy selfe present,  
As child whose parent is unkent,  
To him that is the president,  
Of noblenesse and chivalric.  
And if that Enuy barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succour flee  
Vnder the shadow of his wing:  
And asked who thee forth did bring,  
A shepherds swaine say did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde,  
And when his honour bath thee redde,  
Craue pardon for my hardy-head.  
But if that any aske thy name,  
Say thou wert base begot with blame:  
For why thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past ieopardie,  
Come tell mee what was sayd of mee,  
And I will send more after thee.

*Inuenerit*





To the most excellent and learned, both Orator and Poet, master  
*Gabriel Haruey*, his verie speciall and singular good friend *E.K.* com-  
 mendeth the goodlyking of this his good labour, and the  
 patronage of the new Poet.

x 82  
 31  
 1594



*Ncouth*, vnkist, said the old famous poet *Chaucer*: whom  
 for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his  
 scholler *Lidgate*, a worthie scholler of so excellēt a ma-  
 ster, calleth the loadstarre of our language: and whom  
 our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth Tytirus the God  
 of shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of  
 the Roman *Tytirus Virgil*. Which prouerb, mine owne

good friend *M. Haruey*, as in that good old poet, it ser-  
 ued well *Pindares* purpose, for the bolstering of his bawdie brocage, so very  
 well taketh place in this our new poet, who for that hee is vncouth (as sayde  
*Chaucer*) is vnkist, and vnknowne to most men, is regarded but of a fewe.  
 But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge  
 of men, and his woorthinesse bee founded in the trumpe of Fame,  
 but that hee shall bee not onely kist, but also beloued of all, imbraced of  
 the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserueth his witu-  
 nesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely,  
 his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenes, his morall wise-  
 nesse, his due obseruing of *Decorum* euerie where, in personages, in seasons,  
 in matter, in speech, and generalie, in all seemely simplicitie of handling his  
 matters, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him  
 be strange, I know will seeme the strangest, and wordes themselues being  
 so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole pe-  
 riod and compasse of speech so delightfom for the roundnesse, and so graue  
 for the stangenesse. And first of the wordes to speake, I graunt they bee  
 something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed  
 of most excellent Authours, and most famous poets. In whom, when as this  
 our Poet hath bin much trauailed and thoroughly read, how could it be, (as  
 that worthie Oratour sayde) but that walking in the Sunne, although for o-  
 ther cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, and hauing the  
 sound of those auncient poets still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in  
 singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he vseth them by such ca-  
 sualtie and custome, or of set purpose and choise, as thinking them fittest for  
 such rustical rudenesse of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would  
 make his rimes more ragged and rustical: or else because such old and ob-  
 solete wordes are most vied of Country folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I  
 think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and as one would say, autho-  
 ritie

14 Jan 19 Stonehill



ritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be obieced of *Valla*, against *Liuius*, and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeares, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those auncient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauity and importance. For, if my memorie faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the stile seeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwise then we honor and reuerence gray haire, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where must old werdes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialect and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in olde buildings, it seeme disorderly and ruynous. But all as in most exquisite pictures, they vse to blaze and portrait, not only the daintie lineaments or beautie, but also round about it to shadowe the rude thicketts and craggy cliffs, that by the basenes of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall: for oftentimes we find our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh tearmes, enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discorde in musike maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthe poet *Alceus* to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped bodie. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choise of olde and vnwonted wordes, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witleesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedles hardinesse in condemning: for not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast: for in my opiniō it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath labored to restore as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English wordes, as haue beene long time out of vse, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of it self is both full inough for prose, and stately inough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeuoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latin, not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselues, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tong a gallimauffrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare







minding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which deuised this kinde of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilities: and as yong birdes, that bee newly crept out of the nest, by little first proue their tender winges, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceyue hee was alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So new *Mantuanus*, as not being full formed. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and also diuerse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author euerie where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new poet as a birde whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one y in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best. Now as touching the general drift and purpose of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to say much, himself laboring to cōcealit. Only this appeareth, that his vnstayed youth had long wādred in the common Labirinth of Loue, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as he saith) the yong shepheards [his equals and companions of his vnfortunatē folly, hee compiled these twelue *Æglogues*, which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, as plying an olde name to a new work. Hereunto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion, for the exposition of olde wordes, and harder phrases, which maner of glossing and commenting, well I wote will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knewe, many excellent and proper deuises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked, and that in this kinde, as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsaile and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, himselfe being for long time farre estraunged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sundrie others, whose commendation to set out, were verie vaine, the things though worthie of many, yet beeing knowne to fewe. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister *Haruey*, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwise vpon some particular and speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himselfe hauing alreadie in the beginning



*The Epistle.*

dedicated it to the Noble and worthe Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall fauourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you sir, if enuie shall stirre vp any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mightie Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will bee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular accout of two so very good & so choise friends, I bid you both most hartily fare well, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to be  
commanded. E.K.*

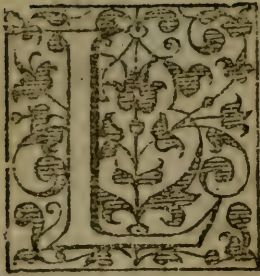
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**N**OW I trust, *M. Harney*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets doings, or else for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to plucke out of the hateful darknes, those so many excellent English poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring thē forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriving thē of the desired sun, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued prailes, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceyue of your gallant English verses, as they haue alreadie done of your Latin poems, which in my opinion both for inuention, and elocution are verie delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good *M. Harney*. From my lodging at London the tenth of April. 1579.





The generall Argument of the  
whole Booke.



*I*ttle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first  
originall of Aeglogues, hauing alreadye touched the  
same. But, for the worde Aeglogues, I know is un-  
knowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best  
learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat there-  
of, beeing not at all impertinent to my present pur-  
pose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called Aeglo-  
gas, as it were, Aegon, or Aeginomonlogi, that is Gotheheardestales.  
For although in Virgil and others, the speakers be more Shepherds, then  
Goatheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then  
in Virgil, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first heade and  
well spring the whole inuention of these Aeglogues, maketh Goatheards  
the persons and Authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the gros-  
nesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleene, that they are  
more rightly tearmed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discous-  
ses of vnnecessarie matter: which definition albe in substance and meaning it  
agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the Analy-  
sis and interpretation of the worde. For they be not tearmed Eclogæ, Aeg-  
logues, which sentence this Authour verie well obseruing, vpon good iudg-  
ment, though indeede fewe Goatheards haue to doe herein, neuerthelesse  
doubtet not to call them by the vsed and best knowne name. Other curi-  
ous discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion.

These twelue Aeglogues euery where answering to the seasons of the  
twelue Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For ei-  
ther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, and the twelfth,  
or Recreatiue, such as all those bee, which containe matter of loue, or  
commendation of speciall personages: or Morall, which for the most  
part



## The Argument.

part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternesse, namely, the second of reuerence due to olde age, the fift of coloured deceyte, the seuenth and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and Pastors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant wittes. And to this diuision may euery thing herein bee reasonably applyed: a few onelie except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these twelue Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularlie of all, and first of the first, which hee calleth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some hee may seeme folly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and stoutlie maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March, for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, nowe worne away, reliueth.

This opinion maintaine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius, in his holy dayes of Saturne, which account also was generally obserued, both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heades, wee maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Ianuarie, vppon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceyue, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour, and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed World, and returning the compassse of expyred yeares, to theyr former date, and first commencement, lest to vs his Heyres a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the last yeare and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooffe of speciall iudgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yeare was not perfected, as after ward it was by Iulius Caesar, they began to tell the Monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayde in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth Abil, that which wee call March, for the first Moneth, in remembraunce that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the lande of Aegypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church and rule of mightiest realmes.



## The Argument.

For from Iulius Cæsar who first obserued the leape year, which he called Bissextile Annum, and brought into a more certaine course of the odde wandring dayes, which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes, of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the tearmes of the learned) the moneths haue bene numbred twelue, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but 304 dayes in euerie yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius who was the father of al the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne, nor the Moone, therunto added two moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie, wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded upon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni, the gate and enter aunce of the yeare, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god, for that the olde Paymims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned, the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. VVhich account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commanded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions, in the ende of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seuenth moneth which before that time was the first.

But our authour respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Ianuarie, seeing it perhaps no decorum that shepherds should be seene in matter of so deep insight, or cause a case of so doubtful iudgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.





*Aegloga prima.*

### ARGVMENT,

**I**n this first *Aeglogue* Colin Clout a shepherds boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunate loue, being but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a country lasse called Rosa; and with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, he comparereth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasure and delights, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

Colin Clout.

**A** Shepherds boy (no better do him call)  
 When winters wastfull spight was almost spent,  
 All in a sunshine day, as did befall,  
 Led forth his flocke, that had bene long ypent.  
 So faint they were, and feeble in the fold.  
 That now tynethes their fate could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepherds looke,  
 For pale and wanne he was. (alas the while)  
 May seeme he lou'd, or else some care he toke:  
 Will conth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.  
 Who to a hill his fainting flocke he led,  
 And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there led.

O gods of loue, that pitie louers paine,



(If any Gods the paine of louers pittie :)  
 Looke fremme aboue, where you in ioyes remain,  
 And bow your eares vnto my balefull dittie.  
 And Pan thou shephear a God, that once did loue,  
 Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst prone.

Thou barren ground whom Winters wazath hath wasted,  
 Art made a mirroure, to beheld my plight :  
 Whilom thy fresh spring the wzd, and after hasted  
 Thy Sommer proude, with Daffadillies dight.  
 And now is come thy winters soznie state,  
 Thy mantle maro, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as Winters, raigneth in my heart,  
 By life blood freezing, with unkindly cold :  
 Such soznie skourdes, do byæde my balefull smart,  
 As if my yeares were waste, and wopen olde.  
 And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,  
 And yet, alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shade leaues are lost,  
 Wherewith the birds were wont to build their bowze,  
 And now are cloathd with mosse and hoarie fross,  
 In stead of blossomes, wherewith your buds did flowze.  
 I see your teares, that from your boughs do raine,  
 Whose drops in dzerie ysicles remaine.

Also my lustfull lease is drie and seare,  
 By timely buds with wailing all are wasted :  
 The blossome, which my branch of youth did beare,  
 With breathed sighs is blowne away, and blasted.  
 And from mine eyes the dizling teares descend,  
 As on your boughs the ysicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,  
 Whose knees are weake, through fast and euill fare :  
 Maist witness well by thy ill government,  
 Thy maisters minde is ouercome with care.  
 Thou weake, I wanne : thou leane, I quite sozlozne,  
 With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.



A thousand sighs I curse that carefull houre,  
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:  
 And eke ten thousand sighes I blesse the stoure,  
 Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shee.  
 Yet all for nought: such sight hath bred my bane:  
 Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine.

It is not Hobbinol, wherefoze I plaine,  
 Albe my loue he seeke with dayly suit:  
 His clownish gifts and curtesies I disbaine,  
 His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.  
 Ah, foolish Hobbinol, thy gifts beene vaine:  
 Colin them giues to Rosalinde againe,

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why do I loue?)  
 And am forlozne. alas why am I lozne?)  
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reppone.  
 And of my rurall musicke holdeth scozne.  
 Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake:  
 And laughes the songs, that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefoze my pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,  
 Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:  
 And thou vnluckie Flute, that wontst to ease  
 My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should.  
 Both Pipe and Flute, shall soze the while abide:  
 So broke his Daton Pipe, and de wne did lie.

By that, the walked Phœbus gan auaille,  
 His wearie waine, and now the frostie Night,  
 Her mantle blache through heauen gan ouerhaille,  
 Which scene, the per sue boy halfe in despight  
 Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,  
 Whose hanging head s did seem his carefull case to weep.

Colins Embleme.

*Anchora sperne.*

GLOSSE.

*Colin Clout*, is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I seene a poeie of  
*M. Skeltons*, vnder that title. But indeede the worde of *Colin* is French, and



vsed of the French poet *Marot* (if hee bee worthie the name of a poet) in a certaine *Aeglogue*. Vnder which name this poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tityrus*, thinking it much fitter then such Latin names, for the great vnlikenhood of the language.

*Vnnetes*, scarcely.

*Couth*, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to know, or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the same, the worthy sir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernment: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent mee by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend *M. Gabriel Haruey*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

*Sith*, time. *Neighbour towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latin *Vicinia*.  
*Stoure*, a fit. *Seare*, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verse.

*Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.*

*Hobbinal*, is a fained country name, wherby, it being so comon and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very especiall and most familiar friend, whom he inuiredly and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shalbe more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauor of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Pederastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcybiades*, *Xenophon* and *Maximus Tyrius*, of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so ment, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeede he loued *Alcybiades* extrecimely, yet not *Alcybiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcybiades* owne self. And so is *Pederastice* much to be preferred before *Cynerastice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward woman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuelish disciple *Vnico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible finnes of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of *P. rionius*, and others.

*I loue*, a pretie Eponorihosis in these two verses, and withal a paronomasia or playing with the word, where he saith (*I loue thirke lass: alas, &c.*)

*Kosalinde*, is also a fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as *Cnid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Julia*, the Emperor *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*. So doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* and *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Sturmus* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy *Madonna Caslia*, in her letters enuvelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petronea* vnder the name of *Beliobis*. And this generally hath bene a common custome



Stone of counterfaying the names of secrete personages.

*Anat*, bring downe.

*Embleme*.

*Ouerbaile*, draw cuet.

His Embleme or Posie is here vnder added in Italian, *Ancora speme*, the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and lucke lesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.

Februarie.



*Aegloga secunda.*

ARGVMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to anie secretes or particular purpose. It speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappie heardmans boy. The matter verie well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a drie and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the weather beaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brier, so liuelie, and so feelinglie, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainlie could not appeare.

Cuddie.      Thenot.

**A**s for pittie, will rancke winters rage,  
Theire bitter blasts neuer gint' allwage?  
The kene colde blowes through my beaten hide,



All as I were through the bodie gride.  
 My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,  
 As done high Towers in an earthquake:  
 They went in the winde wagge their wigggle taitles,  
 Prarke as a Peacocke: but now it auailles.

Thenot.

Leudly complainest thou laesie ladde,  
 Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.  
 Must not the worlde wend in his common course  
 From good to bad, and from bad to worse,  
 From worse unto that is worst of all,  
 And then returne to his former fall?  
 Who will not suffer the stormie time,  
 Where will he live till the lustie prime?  
 Selfe haue I woyme out thrise thirtie yeares,  
 Some in much ioy, many in many teares:  
 Yet neuer complained of colde nor heat,  
 Of sommers flame, nor of winters threath:  
 He neuer was to Fortune foe man,  
 But gently toke, that vngently came.  
 And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,  
 Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

No maruaile Thenot, if thou can beare  
 Cheerefully the Winters wrathfull cheare.  
 For age and winter accord full nie,  
 This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie.  
 And as the lowzing weather lookes dolwe,  
 So seemest thou like good Friday to frowne.  
 But my flowzing youth is foe to frost,  
 My ship vnswont in stormes to be toss.

Thenot.

The soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine  
 That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe.  
 So loytring liue you little heard-gronnes,  
 Keeping your beasts in the budded bronnes.  
 And when the shining Sunne laugheth once,  
 You deemen, the Spring is come at once.  
 Who ginne you sond flies, the cold to scoyne,  
 And crowing in Pipes made of greene coyne.



You thinke to be Lords of the yeares,  
 But est, when ye count you freed from feare.  
 Comes the hzene winter with chamfred browes,  
 Full of wzinckles and frostie furrowes:  
 Dzeerily shooting his stoynie dart,  
 Which cruddles the blood, and prickers the heart.  
 Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,  
 Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.  
 Then pay you the pzeice of your surquedzie,  
 With weeping, and wayling, and miserie.

Cuddie.

Ah foolish olde man, I scozne thy skill,  
 That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.  
 I deeme thy bzaine emperished bæ,  
 Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thæ.  
 O liker thy head berie tottie is,  
 So on thy cozbe shoulder it leanes amisse.  
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lop and top,  
 Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldest crop:  
 But were thy yeares græne, as now bæne mine,  
 To other delights they would encline.  
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,  
 And hery with himnes thy lasses gloue.  
 Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phillis praise:  
 But Phillis is mine for many dayes.  
 I womne her with a girdle of gelt,  
 Embost with bugle about the belt.  
 Such an one shepheards would make full faine:  
 Such an one would make thæ yong againe,

Thenot.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boss,  
 All that is lent to lous will be lost.

Cuddie.

Sæst, how brag yond bullocke beares,  
 So smirke, so smowth, his pricked eares?  
 His hoznes bæne as bzade, as rainbow bent,  
 His schulap as lithe, as lasse of Kent.  
 Sæ how hz benteth into the winde,  
 Wænest of loue is not his minde?  
 Sameth thy flocke thy counsell can,



8  
 So lustlesse beene they, so weake, so wan,  
 Clothed with colde, and hearie with frost,  
 Thy flockes father his courage hath lost.  
 Thy Ewes that went to haue blowne bags,  
 Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:  
 The rather Lambes beene starued with colde,  
 All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

Thenot.

Cuddie, I wot thou kenst little good,  
 So vainly to aduance thy headlesse hood.  
 For ynough is a bubble blowne by with breath,  
 Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,  
 Whose way is wilderness, whose Anne Penance,  
 And troupegallant Age the host of Creuance.  
 But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,  
 Which I cond of Tytirus in my youth,  
 Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent:

Cuddie.

To nought more Thenot, my mind is bent,  
 Then to heare nouels of his deuise:  
 They beene so well thewed, and so wise,  
 What euer that good old man bespeake.

Thenot.

Danie mette tales of youth did he make,  
 And some of loue, and some of chiuallrie:  
 But none fitter then this to applie,  
 Now listen a while and hearken the end.

**T**here grew an aged Tree on the greene,  
 A goodly Dake sometime had it beene,  
 With armes full strong and largely displaide,  
 But of their leaues they were disaraide:  
 The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,  
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous hight:  
 Whilome had beene the king of the field,  
 And mochel mast to the husband did yeld,  
 And with his nuts larded many swine.  
 But now the gray mosse marred his rine,  
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
 His top was bald, and wasted with woymes,

His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Bæere,  
Which proudly thrust into th'element,  
And seemed to th'eat the firmament,  
It was embellisht with blossomes faire,  
And thereto aye wonned to repaire  
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,  
To paint their garlonds with his colowres.  
And in his small bushes vsed to th'roode  
The swæet Nightingale singing so lowde:  
Which made this foolish Bæere were so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold,  
And snebbe the good Duke, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth) thou brutish blocke?  
For fruit, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:  
Sæst how fresh my flowres bæene spred,  
Died in Lillie white, and Crimsin red,  
With Leaues engrained in lustie græne,  
Colours mixte to cloath a maiden Quæene.  
Thy wastte bignesse but cumbers the ground,  
And dirkes the beautie of my blossomes round.  
The mouldie melle, which thæe accloieyth,  
By Sinamon smell too much annoyeth.  
Wherefore sone I rede thæe hence remoue,  
Least thou the p'ice of my displeasure p'oue.  
So spake this bold Bæere with great disdain:  
Little him answered the Duke againe,  
But yelded, with shame and græfe adawed,  
That of a wæde he was ouercrawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,  
The husbandmans selfe to come that way,  
Of custome to suruew his ground,  
And his trees of state in compasse round.  
Him when the spitefull Bæere had espied,  
Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed  
Unto his Lord, stirring v'p sterne strife:  
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,  
Pleaseth you pend your suppliants plaint,  
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,  
Which I your poze wastall dayly endure:



And but your goodnesse the same resure,  
Am like for desperate dole to die,  
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,  
Him rested the good-man on the sea,  
And bad the Wre in his plaint procede.  
With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede,  
(As most vsen ambitious folke, )  
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lozde of Creatures all,  
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,  
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
To be the Primrose of all thy land.  
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,  
And skarlet berries in Sommer time?  
How falles it then, that this faded Dake,  
Whose bodie is sere, whose bzaunches broke,  
Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,  
Vnto such tyzannie doth aspire?  
Hindring with his shade my louely light,  
And robbing me of the swete sunnes light?  
So beate his olde boughes my tender side,  
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide:  
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,  
That beene the honour of your Cozonall.  
And oft he lets his canker woymes light,  
Vpon my bzaunches, to worke me more spight:  
And of his hoarie locks downe doth cast,  
Wherewith my fresh flozets beene defast.  
For this, and many moze such outrage,  
Crauing your goodly head to asswage  
The rancozous rigour of his might.  
Pought aske I, but onely to hold my right:  
Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
And praying to be garded from greuance.

To this, this Dake cast him to replie  
Well as he couth: but his enemy  
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,  
But heare him hasted with furious heate.

Encreasing his wꝛath with many a thꝛeat,  
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,  
 (Alas, that it so readie should stand)  
 And to the field alone he spædeth.  
 (Aye little helpe to harme there nædeth)  
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,  
 Enaunter his rage mought coled bee:  
 But to the rote bent his sturdie stroake,  
 And made many wounds in the waste Dake.  
 The axes edge did oft turne againe,  
 As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:  
 Sixed, the senselesse iron did feare,  
 Or to wꝛong holy eld did soꝛbear.  
 For it had bæne an auncient tree,  
 Sacred with many a mysterie.  
 And often crost with the priests crew,  
 And often hallowed with holy water dew.  
 But like fantasies weren solerie,  
 And broughten this Dake to this miserie.  
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay:  
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay.  
 The blocke oft groined vnder the blow,  
 And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.  
 In fine the Steele had pierced his pith,  
 Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:  
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,  
 Th' earth thꝛunke vnder him, and samed to shake.  
 There lieth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Bꝛere like a Lord alone,  
 Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasaunce:  
 But all this glée had no continuance,  
 For estlones Winter gan to appꝛoch,  
 The blustering Bozeas did encꝛoch,  
 And beat vpon the solitarie Bꝛere:  
 For now no succour was him neere.  
 Now gan he repent his pride too late,  
 Boze naked left and disconsolate.  
 The byting frost nipt his flasse dead,  
 The watrie wet weighed downe his head,  
 And heaped snell burnd him so soze,



That now upright he can stand no more:  
 And being dolone, is trod in the dirt,  
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.  
 Such was th'end of this ambitious Bœere,  
 For scorning Eld.

## Cuddie.

How I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth:  
 Here is a long tale, and little worth.  
 So long haue I listened to thy speech,  
 That grafted to the ground is my breech:  
 My heart blood is well nigh frozne I feele,  
 And my galage growne fast to my heels:  
 But little ease of thy lewde tale I talked,  
 Wie thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

## Thenots Embleme.

*Iddio perche e vecchio,  
 Fa suoi al suo essemplio.*

## Cuddies Embleme.

*Nimio vecchio,  
 Spauenta Iddio.*

## GLOSSE.

*Kene, sharpe.*

Gride, pierced: an old word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I know of) in *Chaucer*

*Konts, yong bullockes.*

*Wracke*, ruine or violence, whence cometh shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

*Foman, a foe.*

*Thenot*, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his *Æglogues*.

*The Soueraigne of Seas*, is *Neptune* the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of *Mimus Publilianus*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse.

*Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.*

*Heardgroomes*, *Chaucers* verse almost whole.

*Fond flies*, He compareth carelesse sluggardes, or ill husbandmen to flies that so soone as the Sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when suddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

*But est when*, a very excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may be indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter season.

*Breme*, Chill, bitter.

*Chamfred*, chapt, or wrinkled.

*Accoied*, plucked downe and daunted.

*Surquedrie*, pride.

*Eld*, olde age,

*Siker*, sure.

*Tortie*, wauering.

*Corbe*, crooked.

*Herie*, worship.

*Phyllis*, the name of some maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie*, whose person is secret, loued. The name is vsuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuan*.

*Belt*, a girdle or waste band.

*Afon*, a foole.

*Lybe*, soft and gentle.

*Venteth*, stuffeth in the wind.

*Thy flocks father*, the ram.

*Craggs*, necks.

*Rather Lambs*, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.

*Youth is*, a verie moral and pithie Allegorie of youth, and the lusts therof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

*Tityrus*, I suppose he meane *Chaucer*, whose praise for pleasant tales can, not die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of poetrie shal endure.

*Well thewed*, that is, *Bene morata*, Full of morall wisenesse.

*There grew*, This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Aesops* fables. It is verie excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull yonkers.

*Embellisht*, beautified and adorned.

*To worne*, to haunt or frequent.

*Sneb*, checke.

*VVby standst*, The speach is scornfull and verie presumptuous.

*Engrained*, died in graine.

*Accleiet*, accumbreth.

*Adawed*, daunted and confounded.

*Trees of state*, taller trees fit for timber wood.

*Sterne strife*, said *Chaucer*,

fell and sturdie.

*O my liege*, a maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.

*Coronall*, garland.

*Flourets* yong blossomes.

*The Primrose*, the chiefe and worthiest.

*Naked armes*, metaphorically ment of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

*The blood*, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they say) *Kai' cikafmon*.

*Hoarie lockes*, metaphorically for withered leaues.

*Hent*, caught.

*Nould*, for would not.

*Aye*, euermore.

*Wounds*, gashes.

*Enauiter*, least that.

*The priests crew*, holy water pot, wherwith the popish priest vsed to sprinkle and hallow the trees siō mischance. Such blindnesse was in those times, which the poet supposeth to haue bin the final decay of this ancient Oake.

*The blocke of ground*, a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn-sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt grauido*, &c.



*Boreas*, The Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormie weather.

*Glee*, Cheare and iollitie.

*Forſcorning old*, And minding (as ſhould ſeeme) to haue made rime to the former verſe.

*Galage*, A ſtutup or clowniſh ſhooc.

*Embleme.*

This Embleme is ſpoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that god, which is himſelf moſt aged, being before al ages, & without beginning, maketh thoſe whom he loueth, like to himſelfe, in heaping yeares vnto their daies, & bleſſing thē with long life. For the bleſſing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will ſo bleſſe. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto ſuch fulnes of yeares, and ſome alſo waxe old in miſerie & thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the leſſe bleſſing. For euen to ſuch euill men ſuch number of yeares is added, that they may in their laſt dayes repent, and come to their firſt home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy for deſpiſing his gray and froſtie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuſle with a biting and bitter prouerbe, ſpoken in deed at the firſt in cōtempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in ſome mens conceite, that men of yeares haue no feare of God at all, or not ſo much as yonger folke. For that being ripened with long experience, and hauing paſſed many bitter brunts, & blaſts of vengeance, they dread no ſtormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wiſedome armed againſt all miſchaunces and aduerſities, or with much trouble hardned againſt al troubleſome tides: like vnto the Ape, of which is ſaid in *Æſops* fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at firſt ſore agast & diſmaid at the grimneſſe and auſteritie of his countenance, but at laſt being acquainted with his lookes, he was ſo farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and eaſt at him: Such long experience breedeth in ſome men ſecuritie. Although it pleaſe *Erasmus*, a great clark, and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably, to conſtrue it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe. That by the prouerbe, *Nemo ſenex metuit Ionem*, is not ment, that olde men haue no feare of God at all, but that they bee farre from ſuperſtition and Idolatrous regard of falſe Gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithſtanding, it is too plaine, to be gaineſaid, that old men are much more enclined to ſuch ſond fooleries, then yonger heades.



*Aegloga tertia.*  
ARGUMENT.

**I**N this Aeglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and osher pleasance, which to spring-time, is most agreeable.

The speciall meaning hereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to know Cupid the poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke in the person of Thomalin, is meant some secret friend, who scorned loue and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.

V Villye. Thomalin.

**T**Homalin, why sitten we so,  
As were ouerwent with wo,  
Upon so faire a morrow?  
The isyous time now nighest fast,  
That shall alegge this bitter blast,  
and slake the winter sorow.

Thomalin.

Siker Willie, thou warnest well:  
Foz Winters wynth begins to quell,  
And pleasant spring appeareth.  
The grasse now giues to be refresh:  
The swallew pcept cut of her nest,  
And cloddie Welkin cleareth.

D

Willye



Willye.

Sætt not thilke same Hawthorne stude,  
How bragly it begins to budde,

And utter his tender head ?

Flora now calleth forth each flower,  
And bids make readie Maias bowler,

That new is byryst from bed.

Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with Lettice to were light,

That scozefully lookes askaunce :

Tho will we little Loue awake,  
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I weene thou be assot:  
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

Willye,

How kenst thou, that he is awoke ?  
D; hast thy selfe his slumber broke ?  
D; made priuie to the same ?

Thomalin.

So, but happily I him spide,  
Where in a bush he did him hide,  
With wings of purple and blew.  
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,  
The priuie markes I would betray,  
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

Willye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,  
By selfe will haue a double eye,  
Like to my flocke and thine :  
For als at home I haue a fyre,  
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,  
That duly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Play, but thy seeing will not serue,  
By sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,  
And fall into some mischief.  
For sithens is but the thirde morrow,

That

That I chaunck to fall a sleepe with sorow,  
 And waked againe with grieſe:  
 The while ſhilke ſame unhappie Que,  
 Whoſe clouted legge her hurt doth ſhew,  
 Fell headlong into a dell.  
 And there vniointed both her bones:  
 Dought her necke bene iointed attones,  
 She ſhould haue neede no moze ſpell,  
 Th'elſe was ſo wanton and ſo wood,  
 (But now I trowe can better good)  
 She mought ne gang on the græne.

Willye.

Let be, as may be, that is paſt:  
 That is to come, let be foze caſt.  
 Now tell vs what thou haſt ſæene,  
 Thoma'in.

It was vpon a holyday,  
 When ſhepheards groomes han leaue to play,  
 I coſt to go a ſhooting.  
 Long wandring vp and downe the land,  
 With bow and bolts in either hand,  
 For birds in buſhes teſting:  
 At length within the Puiſe todde,  
 (Where ſhrowded was the little God)  
 I heard a buſie buſtling.  
 I bent my bolt againſt the buſh,  
 Liſtning if any thing ſhd ruſh,  
 But then heard no moze ruſtling.  
 Tho peeping cloſe into the thicke,  
 Might ſee the mouing of ſome quicke,  
 Whoſe ſhape appeared not:  
 But were it faerie, ſænd, or ſnake,  
 My courage earnd it to awake,  
 And manfully thereat ſhot.  
 With that ſprang forth a naked ſwaine,  
 With ſpotted wings like Peacockes fraine,  
 And laughing lope to a tree,  
 His gilden quiver at his backe,  
 And ſiluer bowe which was but ſlacke:  
 Which lightly he bent at mee.



That seeing, I leueld againe,  
And shot at him with might and maine,  
as thicke, as it had hailed.

So long I shot, that all was spent :  
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent :  
And threiw : but nought auailed.

He was so wimble, and so wight,  
From bough to bough he leaped light,  
And oft the punnies latched.

Therewith affraid I ranne away :  
But he, that earst seemed but to play,  
A shaft in earnest snatched,  
And hit me running in the heels :  
Foz then I little smart did feele :  
But soone it soze increased.

And now it ranckleth moze and moze,  
And inwardly it festreth soze,  
He wote I, how to cease it.

Willye,

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,  
Perdy with loue thou diddest fight :

I know him by a token.

Foz once I heard my father say,  
How he him caught vpon a day,  
(Whereof he will be woken)

Entangled in a fowling net,  
Which he foz carrion crows had set,  
That in our Bearetree haunted.

Tho said, he was a winged lad,  
But bow and shafts as then none had :  
Else had he soze be daunted.

But see, the Mermin thicks apace,  
And scouping Phoebus steepe his face :  
Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise, and eke to loue,  
Is granted scarce to God above.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of honie and of gaul in loue there is store,  
The horie is much, but the gaul is more.

This *Æglogue* seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the olde man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischief to come.

*Cuerwent*, cuergone.

*Alegg*, to lessen or asswage.

*To quell*, to abate.

*VVelkin*, the skie.

The *Swallow*: which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, & as it were the forerunner of spring.

*Flora*, the Goddesse of flowers, but indeed (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her bodie hauing gotten great riches. made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some do thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the Goddesse of all flowers, and doing yearely to her solemne sacrifice.

*Maia* sower, that is the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes, *Maia* is a Goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honor of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobinus*.

*Lettice*, the name of some Countrey lasse.

*A scaunce*, askew, or askuint.

*For thy*, therefore

*Lethe*, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulnesse. For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnesse. Wherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mind.

*Affotte*, to dote.

*His slumber*, To breake loues slumber, to exercise the delights of loue and wanton pleasures.

*Wings of purple*, so is he faigned of the poets.

*For als*, he imitateth *Virgils* verse.

*Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca, &c.*

*Adell*, a hole in the ground.

*Spell*, is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer euery thing that they would haue preserued, as the nightspell for theeues, and the woodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the *Godspell* or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listeneth Lordings to my spel.

*Gang*, go.

*An Iuie todde*, a thicke bush.

*Swaine*, a boy: For so is he described of the poets, to be a boy, s. a wayes fresh & lustie blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, s. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is saide



also to haue shaftes, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorrowe for the loue that is disdaind or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him read either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, being nowe most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue seene amongst other of this poets doings: verie well translated also into English rimes.

*Wimble and wight*, quicke and deliuer.

*In the heele*, is very poetically spoken, and not without special iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is said of *Thetis*, that she tooke her yong babe *Achilles* being newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Styx*. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodies washed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* being washed al ouer saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest inuulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was faigned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrow in the heele, whiles he was busie aboute the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which misticall fable *Eustathius* vnfoldeing, saith: that by wounding the heele, is ment lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best physicians) to the priuie partes, there passe certaine veines and slender sinewes, as also the like come from the head, and are caried like little pypes behind the eares: so that (as saith *Hypocrates*) if those veynes there be cut a sunder the partie straight becommeth cold and vnfruitfull. Which reason our poet well weighing, maketh this shepherds boy of purpose to be wounded by loue in the heele.

*Latched*, caught.

*VVroken*, reuenged.

*For once*, In this tale is set out the simplicity of thepherds opinion of loue  
*Storping Phobus*, is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

*Embleme*.

Hereby is ment, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follie mixt with bitterness, and sorrow sawced with repentance. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the minde, and vexeth the bodie manie waies, with vnrestfulness all night, and wearinesse all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, and finding that wee would not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs liked, in course of time, and change of riper yeares, which also therewithal chaungeth our wonted liking and former fantasies, will then seeme loathsome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answer not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasance.



*Aegloga quarta.*

ARGUMENT,

**T**His Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gracious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers hereof bee Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheards: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in loue, wherby his mind was alienated & withdrawn not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises, Whereby he taketh occasion for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he tearmeth Elisa.

Thenot. Hobbinol,

**T**ell me good Hobbino ll, what garres thee gréete:  
 What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambs pzoene:  
 Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that sounds so swéete:  
 Or art thou of thy loued lassie sozloene:

Or béene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,  
 Quenching the gasping furrewes thirst with raine:  
 Like A pill of wyze, so streames the trickling teares  
 Downe thy cheeke, to quench thy thristie paine.

Hobbinoll.



## Hobbinoll.

Do; this no; that, so much doth make me mourne,  
 But for the lad whom long I loued so deare,  
 Now loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:  
 He plunged in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

Shepherds delight he doth them all forswear.  
 His pleasant Pipe, which made vs meriment,  
 He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
 His wanted songs, wherein he all cutwent.

## Thenot.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?  
 Is loue such pinching paine to them, that proue?  
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
 Yet hath so little skill to bide loue?

## Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepherds boy:  
 Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.  
 Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,  
 Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me his madding minde is start,  
 And woos the widdowes daughter of the glenne:  
 So now faire Rosalinde hath bred his smart,  
 So now his friend is changed for a fren.

## Thenot.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,  
 I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one,  
 The whiles our flockes doe graze aboute in sight,  
 And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

## Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,  
 Of fayre Eliza, Queene of Shepherds all:  
 Which once he made, as by a ipling he lay,  
 And turned it vnto the waters fall.

**Y**E daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed bꝛoke,  
 do bath your bꝛest,  
 For sake your watrie bowzes, and hither looke,  
 at my request.

And

And eke you virgins that on Parnasse dwell,  
 Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,  
 Helpe me to blaze  
 Her woorthy prayse,  
 Which in her sepe doth all excell.

Of fayre Elisa be your siluer song,  
 that blessed wight:  
 The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long,  
 In princely plight.  
 For she is Syrinx daughter without spot:  
 Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot:  
 So sprung her grace  
 Of heavenly race,  
 No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,  
 (O seemely sight)  
 Pclad in scarlet like a mayden Quene,  
 And Crimines white,  
 Upon her head a Crimosin Coronet,  
 With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:  
 Bayleaves betwæne,  
 And Primroies greene  
 Embellish the swæte Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angellike face,  
 Like Phoebe fayre?  
 Her heauenly hauour, her princely grace,  
 can you well compare?  
 The Red rose medled with the White yfers,  
 In either chæke depeinted liuely chære:  
 Her modest eye,  
 Her Maiestie.  
 Where haue you seene the like but there?  
 I saw Phoebus thrust out his golden hed,  
 Upon her to gaze:  
 But whē he saw how broad her beams did spred  
 It did him amaze.  
 He blusht to see another Sunne below,



He durst againe his fierie face out show :

Let him, if he dare,

His brightnesse compare

With hers, to haue the ouerthow.

Show thy selfe *Cynthia*, with thy siluer rayes,  
and be not abasht :

When she the beames of her beautie displaies,

O how art thou dasht ?

But I will not match her with *Latonacs* seede,

Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.

Now she is a stone,

And makes dayly mone,

Warning all other to take heede.

*Pan* may be proude, that euer he begot,

Such a *Bellibone*,

And *Syrinx* reioyce, that euer was her lot

To beare such an one.

Soone as my yonglings cryen for the dam,

To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:

She is my *Goddesse* plaine,

And I her shepheards swaine,

Albeé for swoncke and for swat I am.

I see *Calliope* speed her to the place,

Where my *Goddesse* shines :

And after her the other *Muses* trace,

With their *Violines*.

Wene they not *Bay-branches*, which they do beare,

All for *Elsa* in her hand to weare ?

So swæetly they play :

And sing all the way,

That it a heauen is to heare.

O how finely the graces can it foote

To the Instrument :

They dauncen deffly, and singing soote,

in their meriment.

Wants not a scurthy grace, to make the dance euen ?

Let

Let that rosome to my Ladie be geuen?

She shall be a grace,  
To fill the fourth place,

And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,  
raunged in a rowe?

They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,  
That vnto her go.

Chloris, that is the chieffest Pymph of all,  
Of Oliue byanches beares a Cozonall:

Oliues bene for peace,  
When warres do surcease:

Such for a Pynceffe bene principall.

Pe shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,  
hie you there apace:

Let none come there but that Virgins bene,  
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas she is in place,  
See, that your rudenesse do not you disgrace:

Bind your fillets fast,  
And gird on your waist.

For moze finenesse with a taboyie lace.

Bring hither the Pincke, and purple Cullumbine,  
with Gilliflowres:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,  
Wlozne of Paramours.

Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The prettie pawnee,  
And the Cheuisaunce,

Shall match with the faire flour Delice,

Now rise by Elisa, decked as thou art,  
in royall ray:

And now ye daintie Damfels may depart  
each one her way.

I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:



Let dame Elifa thanke you foꝝ her song,

And if you come heather,

When Damslins I geather.

I will part them all among.

Thenot.

And was thilke same song of Colins owne makinge?

Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

Foꝝ naught caren, that heene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinoll.

Siker I hold him, foꝝ a greater son,

That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.

But let vs homeward, foꝝ night draweth on,

And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

*O quam te memorem virgo!*

Hobbinols Embleme.

*O dea certe.*

### GLOSSE.

*Gars thee greet*, causeth thee weep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken. *Attempred to the yeare*, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to showers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinelle of March winds.

*The lad*, Colin Clout. *The lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, withered & curled.

*Is he for a lad?* a strange maner of speaking. *What maner of lad is he?*

*To make*, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our olde English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke word *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

*Colin thou kenst*, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, *As lithe*, a lasse of Kent.

*The widowes*, He calleth Rosalinde the widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowne, euen in spight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vulgar and common giftes, both of nature and maners: but such in deede, as neede neither *Colin* be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then either *Myrio* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus*,

his

his darling, or *Larretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddesse, or *Himera* the worthy poet *Stesichorus* his Idol: vpon whom he is said so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheedic hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eies.

*Frenne*, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed in common custome of speech for forrenne.

*Dight*, adorned. *Laye*, a song, as *Roundelays* and *Virelays*.

In all this song is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meannes of a shepherds wit, or to cōceiue, or to vtter. And therefore hee calleth her *Elisa*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepherds daughter, it beeing very vnfit, that a shepherds boy, brought vp in the sheepfold, should know, or euer seem to haue heard of a *Queenes* royaltie.

*Ye daintie*, is, as it were an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

*Virgins*, the nine *Muses*, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, whose abode the Poets feigne to be on *Parnassus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

*Helicon*, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnassus*, and also of a mountain in *Boætia*, out of the which floweth the famous spring *Castalius*, dedicate also to the *Muses*: of which spring it is saide, that when *Pegasus* the winged horse of *Perseus* (whereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) stroke the ground with his hoofe, sodainly therout sprang a well of most cleare and pleasant water, which frō thence was consecrate to the *Muses* and *Ladies* of learning.

Your silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in *Hesiodus argurion melos*.

*Syrinx*, is the name of a Nymph of *Arcadie*, whom when *Pan* beeing in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that *Pan* catching at the reeds, in stead of the *Damosell*, and puffing hard, (for he was almost out of winde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe, which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pipe thereof. But here by *Pan* and *Syrinx* is not to be thought, that the shepherds plainly ment those poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the painims were wont to iudge of all kings and princes, according to *Homers* saying,

*Thumos de megas esti diotrephéos basileos.*

*Time d'ek dios esti, philes de emetiera Zen,*)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so worthy for her, as *Pan* the shepherds God, and his best beloued *Syrinx*. So that by *Pan* is here meant the



most famous and victorious king, her highnesse father late of worthie memorie king Henrie the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) bee noted kings and mightie potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and God of shepheards.

*Crimosus Coronet*, he deuifeth her crowne to bee of the finest and most delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherewith princes diademmes vse to be adorned and embost.

*Emblemisht*, beautified and set out.

*Phoebe*, the Moone, whom the poets feign to be sister vnto *Phoebus*, that is the Sunne. *Medled*, mingled.

*Yfere*, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is ment the vnitng of the two principall houses of Lancaster and Yorke: by whose long discord and deadly debate, this realme many years was sore trauailed, and almost cleane decaied. Till the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous princeesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royall Henrie the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first vnion of the White rose, and the Redde.

*Calliope*, one of the nine Muses: to whom they assigne the honour of all poetick inuention, and the first glorie of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddesse of Rethoricke: but by *Virgill* it is manifest, that they mistake the king. For there is in his Epigrams, that *Art* seemeth to be attributed to *Polymnia*, saying:

*Signat cuncta manu, loquiturq, Polymnia gestu.*

Which seemeth specially to be ment of *Action*, and *Elocution*, both special parts of Rethoricke: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I holde rather with them, which call her *Polymnia*, or *Polyhimnia*, of her good singing.

*Bay branches*, be the signe of honour and victorie, and therefore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith *Petrarch* in his Sonets.

*Arbor vittoriosae triumphale,*

*Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

*The Graces*, be three sisters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (whose names are *Agalaia*, *Phalia*, *Euprosine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth, i. *Pasithea*;) otherwise called *Charites*, that is, thanks. Whom the poets fained to be goddeses of all beautie and comelineffe, which therefore (as saith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men first ought to bee gracious and bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: which are three sundrie actions in liberalitic.

liberalitie. And *Boccace* saith that they bee painted naked (as they were indeed on the tombe of C. Julius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face foward, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs: noting double thanke to be due for the benefit we haue done.

*Deffly*, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, sweete, *Meriment*, mirth.

*Beuie*, a beuie of ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troupe, the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a beuie of larkes, euen as a couey of partridges, or an eye of pheasants.

*Ladies of the lake*, be Nymphes. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many years sithence, by meanes of certaine fine fablers, and loude lyers, such as were the authors of King Arthure the great, and such like, who tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymph in Greece, signifieth Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bride.

*Bedight*, called or named.

*Chloris*, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greennesse, of whom is said, that Zephyrus the Westerne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefdome and soueraintie of all flowres, and greene hearbs, growing on the earth.

*Oliues been*, the Oliue was wont to be the ensigne of peace and quietnes, either for that it cannot be plâted and pruned, & so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or else for that the oliue tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for Speares, and other instruments of warre. Whereuppon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the Citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war, but at Minetuaes stroke sprung out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

*Bind your*, spoken rudely, and according to shepherds simplicitie.

*Bring*, all these be names of flowers, Sops in wine, a flower in colour much like to a Carnation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misteeme, flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos deliciarum*. A *tellibene*, or a *Bonnibel*, homely spokē for a fair maid, or bonilasse.

*Forswoncke*, and *forswat*, cuerlaboured and sunneburnt.

*I saw Phabus*, the sunne. A sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parousia*.

*Cynthia*, the Moone, so called of *Cinikus* a hill, where she was honoured.

*Latoæes seede*, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom when as *Nicte* the Wife



of *Ambion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely her seauen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Ladona* being therewith displeased, commanded her sonne *Phœbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: whereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* being sore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a stone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause the Shepheard saith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

*Now rise*, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour to the excellencie of her maiestie.

*VVhen Damsius*, A base reward of a clownish giuer.

*Volent, Y*, is a poetical addition, blent, blinded.

*Embleme.*

This poesie is takē out of *Virgil*, & there of himself vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenes of one of *Dianacs* damosels, being there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinity *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, and being through the worthinesse of *Colins* song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenessse of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise vnable, then, by sudden silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceite. Whom *Thenot* answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Elisa* is no whit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of whom the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe*.

May.





## ARGUMENT,

**I**N this fifth *Aeglogue*, under the person of two shepherds, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike, whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other, with whom having shewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or give too much credite to their colourable and famed good wil, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a countsrpoint of craftinesse, deceyued and denoured the credulous Kidde.

Palinode. Piers.

**I**S not this the merrie month of May,  
 When loue-lads Harken in fresh aray:  
 How falles it then, we no merrier beene,  
 Like as others, girt in galwdie greene:  
 Our blonket liueries beene all too sad,  
 For thilke same season, when all is yclad  
 With pleasance, the ground with grasse, the woods  
 With greene leaues, y bulshes with blossoming buds,  
 Pouthes folke now flocken in euery where,  
 To gather May-buckets, and smelling Bzeere:  
 And home they hasten the posts to dight,  
 And all the kirke pillars ere day light,  
 With Habothorne buds, and swæte Eglantine.  
 And girlands of Roses, and Sops in wine.  
 Such merrie make holy Saints doth queme,  
 But we here sitten as drownd in a dreme.

Piers.

For yonkers Palinode such follies fit,  
 But we tway beene men of elder wit.

Palinode.

Siker this moztow, no longer ago,  
 I saw a shole of shepheards out go,  
 With singing, and showting, and iolly chere:  
 Before them yode a lustie Tabzere,  
 That to the meynie a horne pype plaide,  
 Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide.  
 To see these folkes make such iouiuaince,  
 Made my heart after the pype to daunce.  
 Tho to the greene woad they spæden them all,  
 To fetchen home May with their musicall:



And home they bring in a royall throne,  
 Crowned as king: and his Quene attone  
 Was Labie Flora, on whom did attend  
 A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend  
 Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,  
 To helpe the ladies their Maybush beare.)  
 Ah Piers, beane thy teeth on edge, to thinke,  
 How great sport they gaynen with little swinke.

## Pierce.

Werdie so farre am I from enuie,  
 That their fondnesse inly I pitie:  
 Those saytours little regarden their charge,  
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,  
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,  
 In lustinesse and wanton meriment.  
 Whilke same beene shepherds for the diuels stedde,  
 That playen while their flockes be vnfedde.  
 Well it is seene, their sheepe is not their owne,  
 That letten them runne at randon alone.  
 But they beene hired for little pay,  
 Of other, that caren as little as they,  
 What fallen the flock, so they han the flece,  
 And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.  
 I muse, what account both these will make,  
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,  
 And th'other for leauing his Lords talke,  
 When great Pan account of shepheards should aske.

## Palinode.

Siker now I see thou speakest of spight,  
 All for thou lackest some dele their delight.  
 I (as I am) had rather be enuied,  
 All were it of my fo, then souly pitied:  
 And yet if need were pitied would be,  
 Rather, then other should scozne at me:  
 For pitied is mishap, that nas remedie,  
 But scozned beene deedes of fond fowlerie.  
 What shoulde shepheards other things send,  
 When sith their God his good does them lend,  
 Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasure,  
 The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure:

For when they be dead, their good is ygoe,  
 They sleepe in rest, well as other moe:  
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,  
 But what they left behind them, is lost,  
 God is no good, but if it be spend:  
 God giueth good for none other end.

## Piers.

Ah Palinode, thou art a world's childe:  
 Who touches pitch mought needes be defiled,  
 But shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say,  
 Thought not liue ylike, as men of the lay,  
 With them it sits to care for their heire,  
 Enaunter their heritage do impaire:  
 They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,  
 And to continue their wont countenance,  
 But shepheards must walke another way,  
 Like worldly sauenance he must forsay,  
 The sonne of his loynes why should he regard  
 To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?  
 Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,  
 Like cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood?  
 For if he mistius in lewdnesse and lust,  
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,  
 That his father left by inheritance,  
 All will be sone wasted with misgouernance.  
 But throug this, and other their miscreance,  
 They maken many a wrong cheuisance,  
 Heaping vp waues of wealth and wo,  
 The floods whereof shall them ouerflow.  
 Like mens follie I cannot compare  
 Better, then to the Apes foolish care,  
 That is so enamoured of her yong one,  
 (And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)  
 That with her hard held, and straight embracing,  
 She stoppeth the breath of her yongling.  
 So often times, when as good is ment,  
 Cuill ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retoyne,  
 (For ought may happen that hath bene befoyne)  
 When shepheards had none inheritance,



Pe of land, noꝛ see in sufferance:

But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
(Where it more or lesse) which they did keepe.

Well ywis was it with the shepheards tho:

Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,

For Pan himselfe was their inheritance,

And little them serued for their maintenance.

The shepheards God so well them guided,

That of nought they were vnprouided,

Butter enough, honie, milke, and whay,

And their flocke fleeces them to aray.

But tract of time, and long prosperitie:

That nource of vice, this of insolencie,

Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,

That not content with loyall obeyfance,

Some gan to gape for greedie gouernance,

And match themselse with mightie potentates,

Houers of Lordships and troublers of states.

Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft:

And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft.

Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some while

There crept in Wolues, full of fraud and guile,

That often deuoured their owne sheepe,

And often the shepheards, that did them keepe.

This was the first course of shepheards sorrow,

That now will be quit with baile, noꝛ borrow.

Palinode.

Three things to beare, beene very burderous,

But the fourth to forbear, is outragious,

Women that of loues longing once lust,

Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:

So when choler is enflamed with rage,

Wanting reuenge is hard to asswage:

And who can counsell a thirstrie soule,

With patience to forbear the offred bolle?

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,

Most is, a soles talke to beare and to heare.

I weene the geaunt has not such a weight,

That bears on his shoulders the heaues height.

Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,

And

And buildeſt ſtrong warke vpon a weake ground:  
 Thou railleſt on right without reaſon,  
 And blameſt hem much, for ſmall encheaſon.  
 How wouldeſt they ſhepherds liue, if not ſo?  
 What ſhould they pynen in paine and wo?  
 Nay ſaie I thereto, by my deare bozrow,  
 If I may reſt, I will liue in ſozrow,

Sozrow, ne neede be haſtened on:  
 For he will come without calling anon.  
 While times enduren of tranquillitie,  
 When we freely our felicitie:  
 For when appocheſt the ſoꝛmie ſhowzes,  
 We mought with our ſhoulders beare off the ſharpe ſhowzes.  
 And ſo to ſaine, nought ſameth like kriſe,  
 That ſhepherds ſo witen each others life,  
 And layen their faults the woꝛld befoꝛne:  
 The while their foes done each of them ſcoꝛne.  
 Let none miſlike of that may not be amended,  
 So contek lone by concoꝛd mought be ended.

Piers.

Shepherd, I liſt no accoꝛdance make  
 With ſhepherd, that does the right way ſo: ſake,  
 And of the ſwaine, if choiſe were to me,  
 Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.  
 For what concoꝛd han light and darke ſam:  
 Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
 Such faitoꝛs, when their falſe hearts bene hid,  
 Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

Palinode.

Now Piers, of fellowſhip, tel vs that ſaying:  
 For the Lad can keeꝑ both our ſtocks from ſtraying.

Piers.

**T**hike ſame Kidde (as I can wel deuife)  
 Was too verie ſooliſh and vnwiſe,  
 For on a time in ſemmer ſeaſon,  
 The Goat her dame, that had good reaſon,  
 Poded forth abroad vnto the greene wood,  
 To boꝛze, or play, or what ſhe thought good.  
 But, for ſhe had a motherly care  
 Of her yeng ſonne, and wit to be ſware,



She set her yongling befoze her knee,  
 That was both fresh and louely to see,  
 And full of fauour as kid mought bee:  
 His beluet head began to shoot out,  
 And his wyethed hornes gan newly sprout:  
 The blossomes of lust to bud did begin,  
 And sprung forth rancily vnder his chin.

My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:  
 (Foz carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)  
 God blesse the poore Dypheane, as he mought me,  
 And send thee ioy of thy iollitie.

Thy father (that word she spake with paine:  
 Foz a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)  
 Thy father, had he liued this day,  
 To see the bzanches of his bodie display,  
 How would he haue ioyed at this swat sight:

But ah talle fortune, such ioy did him spight,  
 And cut of his dayes with vntimely wo,  
 Betraying him vnto the traines of his fo.

Now I a wailefull widow behight,  
 Of my old age haue this one delight,  
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,  
 And flourish in flowers of lustie headz.

Foz euen so thy father his head upheld,  
 And so his hautie hornes did he weld.

Who marking him with melting eyes,  
 A thirling throb from her heart did arise,  
 And interrupted all her other speach,  
 With some old sozrow that made a new bzeach:

Seemed she saw (in the yonglings face)  
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.

At last her sullen silence she broke,  
 And gan his new budded beard to stroke.

Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,  
 I haue of thy health and thy welfare,  
 Which many wilbe beastes ligen in waite,  
 Foz to intrap in thy tender state:

But most the ffore maister of collusion:  
 Foz he has bowed thy last confusion.  
 Foz thy my kiddy be raled by me,

And

And neuer giue trust to his trecherie :  
 And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,  
 Sparre the yate fast, for feare of fraud,  
 He for all his worst, nor for his best,  
 Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the goat her wanton sonne,  
 That answered his mother, all should be done.  
 Who went the pensive Dame out of doore,  
 And chaunc'd to stumble at the threshold floore :  
 Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,  
 (For such as signes of ill lucke hath bene dispraised)  
 Yet forth she yode thereat halfe agast,  
 And kiddle the doore sparred after her fast.  
 It was not long, after she was gone,  
 But the false Fore came to the doore anone,  
 Not as a Fore, for then he had be kend,  
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend.  
 Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,  
 As belles, and babies, and glasses in his packe.  
 A Wiggen he had got about his braine,  
 For in his headpæce he felt a soze paine.  
 His hinder hæle was wrapt in a clout,  
 For with great cold he had got the gout.  
 There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,  
 And laid him downe, and groned, alacke, alacke.  
 Ah deare Lord, and swæte Saint Charitie,  
 That some good bodie would once pittie me.

Tell heard kiddle all this soze constraint,  
 And long'd to know the cause of his complaint :  
 Who creeping close, behinde the Wickets clinche,  
 Priuily he peeped out through a chincke:  
 Yet not so priuily but the Fore him spied,  
 For deceitfull meaning is double cied.

Ah good yong maister (then gan he crie)  
 Iesus blesse that swæet face I espie,  
 And keepe your corps from the carefull sounds  
 That in my carrion carkas abound,  
 The kiddle pitying his heavynesse,  
 Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
 And also who, and whence that he were.



Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,  
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare,  
 Sicke, sicke, alas, a litle lacke of dead,  
 But I be relieued by your beastly head.  
 A am a poore sheepe, alke my colour dunne:  
 For with long trauaile I am bzent in the sunne.  
 And if that my Grandfire me said, be true,  
 Siker I am very sybbe to you:  
 So be your godly head do not disdain,  
 The base kinred of so simple swaine.  
 Of mercy and sauour then I you pray,  
 With your aide to fozeffall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he toke:  
 Wherin while Kiddle vnwares did loke,  
 He was so enamoured with the newel,  
 That nought he deemed deare for the Jewel.  
 Tho opened he the doze, and in came  
 The false fore, as he were starke lame.  
 His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,  
 Lest he should be descried by his fraine.

Being within, the Kiddle made him good gle,  
 All for the loue of the glasse he did see.  
 After his cheare the Pedler gan chat,  
 And tel many lesings of this, and that:  
 And how he could shew many a fine knacke.  
 Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,  
 All saue a bell, which he had left behinde  
 In the basket for the Kiddle to finde.  
 Which when the Kiddle stouped downe to catch,  
 He popt him in, and his basket did latch:  
 He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,  
 But ranne away with him in all hast.  
 Home when the doubtful Dame had her hide,  
 She mought see the doze stand open wide.  
 All agast, lowdly she gan to call  
 Her Kiddle: but he nould answere at all.  
 Tho on the floze she saw the merchandise,  
 Of which her sonne had set too deare a pice.  
 What helpe: her Kiddle she knew wel is gone:  
 She weeped and wailed, and made great moue.

Such

Such end had the kiddy, for he would warned be  
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:  
And such end pardie does all hem remaine,  
That of such fallers friendship bene saine.

Palinode.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wit,  
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.  
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow  
For our sir John, to say to morrow,  
At the kirke, when it is holiday:  
For wel he meanes, but litle can say,  
But and if foxes bene so craftie, as so,  
Such needeth all shepheards him to know.

Piers.

Of their falshood more could I recount,  
But now the bright sunne ginneth to dismount:  
And for the deawie night now draw' th nge,  
I hold it best for vs home to hge,

Palinodes Embleme.

*Pa men apistos apistei.*

Piers his Embleme.

*Tis d'ara pistis apisto.*

GLOSSE.

*Thilke*, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when  
all men delight themselves with pleasure of fields, and gardens & garments.

*Blanket liveries*, gray coats. *Yclad*, arrayed. *Y*, redoundeth, as before.

*In euery where*, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

*Baskets*, a diminutive. i. little bushes of hawthorne. *Kirke*, Church.

*Queme*, please.

*A shole*, a multitude taken of fish, wherof some going in great companies,  
are said to swim in a shole.

*Yede*, went. *Iouissance*, Ioy. *Swincke*, labour. *Inly*, entyrelly.

*Faytours*, vagabonds.

*Great Pan*, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth him-  
selfe the great and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (me thinkes)  
applied to him, for *Pan* signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord  
Ielus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius* in his fifth  
booke *De preparat. Euange*, who thereof telleth a proper storie to that pur-  
pose. Which storie is first recorded of *Plutarch*, in his Booke of the ceasing



of miracles: and of *Lauatere* translated, in his booke of walking spirits. Who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lorde suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons sayling from Italie to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud *Thamus, Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an *Ægyptian*, which was Pylote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the crie, was bidden, when he came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: which hee doubting to doe, yet for that when hee came to *Palodes* there suddenly was such a calme of winde, that the ship stooode still in the sea vnmooued, he was forced to crie aloude, that *Pan* was dead: wherewithall there was heard such piteous outcries, and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not beene the like. By which *Pan*, though of some bee vnderstoode the great *Sathanas*, whose kingdome was at that time by *Christ* conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirites, that were woont to delude the people thenceforth held their peace:) and also at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* should be, answer was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly ment of the death of *Christ*, the only and verie *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

*I as I am*, seemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuidere mihi omnes, quam miserescere.*

*Nas*, is a syncope, for *nehas*, or has not: as nould for would not.

*Tho with them*, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king *Sardanapalus*, which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by *Tullie*,

„ *Hec habui qua edi, quaque exaturata libido*

„ *Hausit, at illa manent multa ac praeclara reliqua.*

Which may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eat did I ioy, and all that I greedily gorged:

„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good old Earle of *Deuonshire*, which though much more wisdom bewrayeth then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse, the rimes be these:

„ Ho, ho, who lies here?

„ I the good Earle of *Deuonshire*,

„ And Mauld my wife that was full deare:

„ We liued together lv. yeare,

„ That we spent we had:

„ That we gaue, we haue:

” That we left, we lost.

*Algrind*, the name of a shepheard.

*Men of the lay*, Lay men.

*Enanter*, least that.

*Souenance*, remembrance.

*Miscreance*, dispraise, or misbe'eeffe.

*Chenuisaunce*, sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other for spoile, or bootie, or enterprife, and sometime for chiefeedome.

*Pan himselfe*, God, according as is said in Deuteronomie, that in diuision of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui*, no portion of heritage should be allotted, for God himselfe was there inheritance.

*Some gan*, ment of the pope, and his antechristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to denie fatherly rule and gouernance (as some maliciously of late haue done, to the great vnrest and hinderance of the Church) but to display the pride & disorder of such, as in stead of feeding their sheepe in deed feed of their sheepe.

*Sourse*, wellspring and originall.

*Borrow*, pledge or suretie.

*The Giant*, is the great Atlas, whom the poets feigne to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his shoulders: being in deed a maruellous high mountain in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming pearceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was ment of one Atlas king of the same Countrey, who (as the Greekes say) did first finde out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination, wherefore the poets feigned, that hee sustained the firmament on his shoulders: Many other coniectures needlesse be tolde hereof.

*Warke*, worke.

*Encheason*, cause, occasion.

*Dear borow*, that is our Sauour, the comon pledge of al mens detts to death.

*Wyten*, blame. *Nought seemeth*, is vnseemly. *Conteck*, strife, contention.

*Her*, their, as vseth Chaucer.

*Han*, for haue,

*Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in *Æsops* fables, but the Catastrophe and ende is farre different. By the Kidde may bee vnderstoode the simple fort of the faithfull and true Christians. By his damme Christ, that hath alreadie with carefull watch-words (as here doth the Gote) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithlesse papists, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

*The Gate*, the Gote: Northrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

*Yode*, went, afore said.

*Shce set*, A figure called *Fittio*, which vseth to attribute reasonable actions, and speaches, to vnreasonable creatures.



*The blossomes of lust*, be the yong and mossie haire, which then beginne to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heat beginneth to kindle.

*And with*, a very poeticall *Pathos*.

*Orphane*, a yongling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

*That word*, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a careful Hyperbaton.

*The braunch*, of the fathers bodie, is the childe.

*For euen so*, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgil.

*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

*A thrilling throb*, a pearcing sigh.

*Liggen*, lie.

*Maister of collusion*, i. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beasts is most wilie and craftie.

*Sparre the yate*, shut the doore.

*For such*, the Gotes stumbling is here noted as an euil signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the least of the Lorde Hastings in King Richard the third his daies. For beside his daungerous dreame (which was a shrewd prophesie of his mishap that folowed) it is said, that in the morning riding toward the tower of London, there to sit vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled twise or thrise by the way: which of some that riding with him in his company, were priuy to his neare destinie was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap that ensued. For being then as merrie as man might be, & least doubting any mortal danger, he was within two houres after, of the tyrant put to a shamfull death.

*As belles*, by such trifles are noted, the reliques and rags of popish superstition, which put no small religion in Belles, and babies, i. Idoles, and glasses, s. Paxes, and such like trumperies.

*Great cold*, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntary sufferance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleness.

*Sweet S. Charitie*, the Catholiques common othe, and onely speach, to haue charitie alwayes in their mouth, and somtime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

*Clincke*, a keyhole: whose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of *Chaucer* for a key *Stound*, fittes: aforesaid. *His lere*, his lesson. *Medled*, mingled,

*Beastlike head*, a greeting to the person of a beast. *Sibbe*, a kinne.

*Newell*, a newe thing. *To forestall*, to preuent. *Glee*, cheare: aforesaid.

*Deare a price*, his life which he lost for those toys

*Such end*, is an Epiphonema, or rather the moral of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warn the protestant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithfull Catholique: wherof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all practised of late yeares by Charles the ninth.

*Faine*, glad or desirous.

*Our fir Iohn*, a Popish priest, A saying fit for the grosnesse of a shepheard,  
but spoken to taunte vnlearned priests.

*Dismaunt*, descend or set.

*Nye*, draweth neere.

*Embleme.*

Both these Emb'emes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of  
Palinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis  
verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such expe-  
rience in fallhood, breedeth mistrust in the minde, thinking no lesse guile  
to lurke in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with  
an other peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, what faith  
then is there in the faithlesse? For if faith be the ground of Religion, which  
faith they daily false, what hold is there of their religion? And this is all that  
they say,

June.



*Aegloga Sexta.*

ARGVMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of Collins ill successe in  
his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a countrey lasse Rosalinde,  
and hauing (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare  
friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steed Menal-  
cas another shepheard receiued disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this  
Aeglogue.

Hobbinoll



Hobbinoll. Colin Clout.

**L** O Colin, here the place, whose pleasant sight  
From other shades hath weand my wandring minde,  
Tell me, what wants me here, to woike delight:

The simple aire, the gentle warbling winde,  
So calme, so cole, as no where else I finde:  
The grassie ground with daintie Daylies dight,  
The Bramble bush, where Birds of euery kinde  
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Colin,

O happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy fate,  
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost,  
Here wander may thy flocke oz early oz late,  
Withouten dread of Wolves to bene ystost:  
Thy louely layes here maist thou freely bolste,  
But I unhappie man, whom cruel fate,  
And angry Gods pursue from colse to colse,  
Can no where finde, to shouder my lucklesse pate.

Hobbinoll.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,  
Forsake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:  
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,  
Noz holy-bush, noz byere, noz winding witch.  
And to the dales resozt, where shepheards ritche,  
And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to see:  
Here no night Hauen lodge moze black then pitch,  
Noz eluish ghosts, noz gally Duels do flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,  
And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,  
With Heydeguyues, and trimly trodden traces,  
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwel on Parnasse hight,  
Do make them musick, for their moze delight:  
And Pan himselfe to kisse their chrystal faces,  
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:  
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeres,  
Did let me walks withouten lyncks of loue,

In such delights did ioy amongst my yeres:  
 But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,  
 My fanisie rke from former follies meue  
 To stayed steps for time in passing weares  
 (As garments doen, which weren old aboute)  
 And draweth new delights with hoarie haire.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype  
 Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:  
 Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,  
 To giue my Rosalinde, and in Sommer shade  
 Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,  
 To crowne her golden locks: but yeres moze rype,  
 And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,  
 Those weary wanton toys away did wype.

Hobbinoll.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelapes,  
 Which thou were wont on wasteful hills to sing,  
 I moze delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:  
 Whose Etcho made the neighbour groues to ring,  
 And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring  
 Did throude in shady leaues from sunny rayes,  
 Frame to thy longe their cheerful cheriping,  
 Or holde their peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope with Muses moe,  
 Soone as the Dauen pype began to sounde,  
 Their yuozie Laites and Timburins forgoe:  
 And from the fountaine, where they sat arounde,  
 Kene after hastily thy siluer sounde,  
 But when they came, wher thou thy skil didst shoue,  
 They drawe aback, as halfe with shame confounde,  
 Shepheard to see, them in their art out-goe.

Colin.

Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill,  
 For they bene daughters of the highest Loue,  
 And holden scozne of homely Shepheards quill:  
 For sith I heard, that Pan with Phœbus stroue,  
 Which him to much rebuke and daunger droue,  
 I neuer list presume to Parnasse hill,

But



But ryping low in shade of lowlie groue,  
I plaie to please my selfe, al be it ill.

Thought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,  
He strive to winne, renowne, or passe the rest:  
With shepheard sittes not, flowing flying fame:  
But fede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.  
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest,  
The fitter they, my careful case to frame:  
Enough is me to paint out my vncest,  
And poure my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepherds Tityrus is dead,  
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:  
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head  
Of shepherds all, that bene with loue ytake.  
Well couth he waile his woës, and lightly slake  
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,  
And tel vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,  
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discourtesie,  
As messengers of my painful plight,  
Fly to my loue, where euer that she bee,  
And pearce her heart with point of worthie wight:  
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.  
And thou Menalcas, that by trecharie  
Diddst vnderfong my lasse, to ware so light,  
Shouldst wel be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,  
No gentle shepherds, which your flocks do fede,  
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,  
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked dedde:  
And tel the lasse, whose fleinze is wore a weede,  
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse seere,  
That she the truest shepherds heart made bleede,  
That liues on earth, and loued her most deere.

Hobbinoll.

O careful Colin, I lament thy case,

The

Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.  
 Oh faithfull Rosalinde, and voyd of grace,  
 That art the roote of all this ruthful wee.  
 But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
 Then rise ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
 Least night with stealing steppes do you forsloe,  
 And wet your tender Lambs, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

*Gia speme spenta.*

## GLOSSE.

*Syle*, situation and place.

*Paradise*, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So hee compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Riuers (which are said in Scripture to flow out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is so denominate.

*Forsake the soyle*. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remooued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduised him priuately.

*Those hilles*, that is in the North countrey, where he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

*The dales*. The South parts, where he now abideth, which though they be full of hilles and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for *Kantish* in the Saxons toong, signifieth woody) yet in respect of the North parts they be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher countrey.

*Night Rauens, &c.* By such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

*Friendly Faeries*, the opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very olde, and yet sticketh very religiously in the mindes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no such thing, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of balde Fryers and knauish shauclings so faigned, which as in other things, so in that, sought to nousel the common people in ignorance, least being once acquainted with



the truth of things, they would in time smell out the vntiue of their pack-  
 ed pelfe and Masse-peny religion. But the soothe is, that when all Italy  
 was distract into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, being two  
 famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes  
 and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares,  
 that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they would say  
 to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. VVhich words now from  
 them (as many things else) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gi-  
 belynes, we say Elfes and Goblyns. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed  
 to say of that valiant captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lorde of  
 Thalbot, afterward Earle of Shrewsbury, whose noblenesse bred such a ter-  
 rer in the harts of the French, that oft times euen great armies were defaic-  
 ted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name. In so much that the  
 French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot  
 commeth.

*Many Graces*, though there be indeed but three Graces or Charites (as a-  
 fore is said) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gifts of boun-  
 tie, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes either eye  
 there sat a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in his  
 Pageants saith An hundreth Graces on her eyelid sat. &c.

*Haydegutes*, A countrey daunce or round. The conceipt is, that the Gra-  
 ces and Nymphs do daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night  
 by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

*Peeres*. Equals and fellow shepherds. *Queene-apples vnripe*,  
 imitating Virgils verse.

*Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.*

*Neighbour groues*, a strange phrase in English, but word for word expres-  
 sing the Latin *vicina nemora*.

*Spring*, not of water, but of yong trees springing. *Calliope*, aforesaid.  
 This staffe is full of very poetickall inuention. *Tamburines*, an old kind  
 of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

*Pan* with *Phœbus*, the tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo stri-  
 uing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being  
 corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victory to Pan vnderferued: for  
 which Phœbus set a paire of Asses eares vpon his head, &c.

*Tityrus*, That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene a ready sufficient-  
 ly sayd, and by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he told mery tales.  
 Such as be his Canterbury tales, whom he calleth the God of the Poets for  
 his excellencie, so as Tully calleth Lentulus, *Deum vita sua*, i, the God of  
 his life.

To make, to verifie. *O why,* A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

*Discurtesie*: hee meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking him had chosen another.

*Point of worthe wne*, the pricke of deserued blame.

*Menalcas*, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnknowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly inueyeth.

*Vnderfong*, vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

*Embleme.*

You remember, that the first Aeglogue, Colins Poësie was *Anchora spe-me*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, which is all the meaning of this Embleme.

July.



*Aegloga septima.*  
ARGUMENT,

**T**His Aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious Pastors, Such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

**I**S not thilke same a goteheard proude,  
that sits on yonder bancke:  
Whose straying heard themself doth throude  
among the bushes rancke?



Morrell.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swaine,  
 come vp the hill to mee:  
 Better is, then the lowly plaine,  
 als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should climbe,  
 and learne to looke aloft:  
 This reade is rife, that oftentime  
 great clymbers fall vnseft.  
 In humble dales is footing fast,  
 the trode is not so tickle:  
 And though one fall through heedlesse hatt,  
 yet is his misse not mickle.  
 And now the sun hath reared vp,  
 his fieriesoted teime,  
 Making his way betweene the Cup,  
 and golden Diademe:  
 The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,  
 with dogges of noysome bzeath,  
 Whose balefull barking byngs in hatt,  
 pine, plagues, and dzeerie death.  
 Against his cruel scorching heat  
 where thou hast couerture:  
 The wastfull hills vnto his thzeat  
 is a plaine ouerture.  
 But if thee lust, to holden that  
 with feely shepheards swaine:  
 Come downe, and learne the little what,  
 that Thomalin can saine.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie lord,  
 and rekes much of thy swinke,  
 That with fond termes, and witlesse words  
 to blere mine eyes doest thinke.  
 In euil houre thou hentst in hond  
 thus holy hills to blame,  
 For sacred vnto saints they stond,  
 and of them han their name.  
 S. Michels mount who does not know,

that

that wards the Westerne coast:  
 And of S. Wigeets boluze I trow,  
 all bent can rightly boast:  
 And they that con of Hules skill  
 saine most what, that they dwell  
 (As Coteheards wont) vpon a hill,  
 beside a learned well.  
 And wonned not the great God Pan,  
 vpon the mount Oliuet:  
 Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,  
 which did himselfe beget:

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,  
 that bought his flocke so deare:  
 And them did saue with bloodie sweat,  
 from wolues that would them teare,

Morrell.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,  
 there is a holy place:  
 Where Titan riseth from his maine,  
 to ren his dayly race.  
 vpon whose top the starres bene stayed,  
 and all the skie doth leane,  
 There is the caue where Phoebe layed,  
 the shepheard long to dreame.  
 Whilome there vled shepherds all  
 to feed their flocks at will,  
 Till by his folly one did fall,  
 that all the rest did spill.  
 And sithence shepherds bene foresayd  
 from places of delight:  
 For thy I weene thou be afraid,  
 to clime this hilles hight.  
 Of Synah can I tell thee moze,  
 and of our Ladies boluze:  
 But little needes to strow my stoze,  
 suffice this hill of our.  
 Here han the holy Faunes recourse,  
 And Syluanes haunten rathe.  
 Here has the salt Het way his course,



wherein the Nymphes do bathe,  
 The salt Hedway that strickling streames,  
 adovne the dales of Kent:  
 Till with the elder brother Themes,  
 his brackish waues he meynt.  
 Here growes Melampode every where,  
 and Teribinth good foꝛ Gotes:  
 The one my madding kids to sinere,  
 the next to heale their thꝛotes.  
 Hereto, the hilles beene nigher heauen,  
 and thence the passage ethe:  
 As well can proue the pearcing leuin,  
 that seltome falles beneath.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakest like a letwde lozell,  
 of heauen to demen so:  
 How be I am but rude and bozell,  
 yet nearer wayes I know.  
 To kirke the narre, to God moꝛe farre,  
 has beene an old said saw,  
 And he that strives to touch the starres,  
 oft stumbles at a straw.  
 Allone may shepheardes climbe to skie,  
 that leades in lowly dales:  
 As Goteheard proude that sitting hie,  
 vpon the mountaine sailes.  
 By seely sheepe like well belov,  
 they nede not Melampode,  
 For they beene hale inough, I trow,  
 and liken their abode.  
 But if they with thy Gotes should yede,  
 they sone might be cozrupted:  
 D; like not of the frovie fede,  
 oꝛ with the weedes be gluffed.  
 The hilles where dwelled holy Saints  
 I reuerence and adoze:  
 Not foꝛ themselte, but foꝛ the Saints,  
 which han beene dead of yore.  
 And now they beene to heauen soꝛwent,  
 their good is with them go:

Their sample onely to vs lent,  
 that als we mought do so.  
 Shepheards they weren of the best,  
 and liued in lololy leas:  
 And sith their soules bæne now at rest,  
 why done we them disease?  
 Such ene he was, (as I haue heard  
 old Algrin, often saine)  
 That whilome was the the first shepheard,  
 and liued with little gaine:  
 And mæke he was, as mæke mought be,  
 simple, as simple shæpe,  
 Humble, and like in each degré  
 the flocke which he did kéepe.  
 Often he vled of his shæpe,  
 a sacrifice to bring,  
 Now with a kidde, now with a shæpe,  
 the Altars hallowing:  
 So louted he vnto his Lord,  
 such fauour couth he finde,  
 That neuer sithens was abhord,  
 the simple shepheards kinde.  
 And such I wæene the bryethren were,  
 that came from Canaan:  
 The bryethren twelue, that kept ysere  
 the flockes of mightie Pan.  
 But nothing such thilke shepheard was,  
 whom Ida hill did beare,  
 That left his flocke to fetch a lasse,  
 whose loue he bought too deare:  
 For he was proud, that ill was paide,  
 (no such mought shepheards bæe)  
 And with lowd lust was ouerlaide:  
 tway things doen ill agræe:  
 But shepheards mought be mæke and milde,  
 well eyed, as Argus was,  
 With fleshy follies vnderfiled,  
 and stout as Ræde of byasse.  
 Like one (said Algrin) Moses was,  
 that saw his makers face,



His face more cleare, then chryſtall glaſſe,  
 and ſpake to him in place,  
 This had a brother, (his name I know)  
 the firſt of all his coſe:  
 A ſhephead true, yet not ſo true,  
 as he that earſt I hote.  
 Whilome all theſe were low, and lieſe,  
 and loued their flockes to feede,  
 They neuer ſtrouen to be chiefe:  
 and ſimple was their weede.  
 But nowe (thanked be God therefore)  
 the world is well amend:  
 Their weedes bene not ſo nighly woze,  
 ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them ſhend.  
 They beens yclad in purple and pall,  
 ſo hath their God them bliſt:  
 They raigne and rulen ouer all,  
 and Lord it as they liſt:  
 A girt with belts of glitter and gold,  
 (mought they good ſhepherds beene)  
 Their Pan their ſheepe to them has ſold,  
 I ſay, as ſome haue ſeene.  
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)  
 yode late on pilgrimage  
 To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then  
 he ſaw ſhilke miſuſage.  
 For ſhepherds (ſaid he) there doen lead,  
 as Lords doen otherwhere:  
 Their ſheepe han cruſts, and they the bread:  
 the chips, and they the chere:  
 They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,  
 (I ſeely ſheepe the while)  
 The cozne is theirs, let others threſh,  
 their hands they may not file.  
 They han great ſtoze, and thyrſtie flockes,  
 great friends, and feeble foos:  
 What neede hem caren for their flockes,  
 their boyes can loke to thoſe.  
 Theſe wiſards welter in wealths waues,  
 pampred in pleaſures verpe:

They haue fat kernes, and leany knaues,  
their fasting flockes to keepe.

Like mistre men bene all misgone,  
they heape hilles of wrath:

Like hyllie shepheards haue we none,  
they keepe all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,  
lost for lacke of telling:

Now liker I see thou dost but clatter:  
harmie may come of melling.

Thou medlest more then shall haue thanks,  
to witen shepheards wealth:

When folke bene fat, and riches ranke,  
it is a signe of health.

But say me, what is Algrin he,  
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in grée,  
but hath bene long ypent:

One day he sat vpon a hill,  
(as now thou wouldest mee,

But I am taught by Algrins ill,  
to loue the low degré.)

For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
an Eagle sozed hie,

That wæning his white head was chalke,  
a shell fith downe let flie.

Shee wend the shell fith to haue broke,  
but therewith bruzde his bzaine:

So now astonied with the stroke,  
he lies in lingring paine.

Ah good Algrin, his hap was ill,  
but shall be better in time:

Now farewell shepheard fith this hill  
thou hast such doubt to clime.

Palinodes Embleme.

*In media virtus.*

Morrels Embleme.

*In summo felicitas.*



## GLOSSE.

*A Gateheard*, by Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose Pastour also must needes be such.

*Bancke*, is the seate of honour. *Straying heard*, which wander out of the way of truth.

*Als*, for also *Climbe*, spoken of ambition. *Great climbers*, according to Seneca his verse. *Decidunt celsa graniore lapsu.* *Mickle*, much.

*The sunne*, a reason why he refused to dwell on mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sun, according to the time of the yeare, which is the hottest moneth of all.

*The Cup and Diademe*, be two signes in the firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

*Lion*, this is poetically spoken, as if the Sun did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At which time the Dogge star, which is called Syrius, or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

*Ouerture*, an open place: the word is borrowed of the French, and vsed in good writers. *To holden chat*, to talke and prate.

*A loorde*, was wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes that long time vsurped their tyrannie here in Britanie, were called for more dread the dignitie, Lurdans, i. Lord Danes. At which time it is said, that the insolencie and pride of that nation was so outrageous in this realm, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne backe, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or else abide the price of his displeasure, which was no lesse then present death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproch, to call the quartane Ague the feuer lurdane.

*Recks much of thy swincke*, countes much of thy paines.

*Weetelesse*, not vnderstoode.

*S. Michaels mount*, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

*A hill*, Parnassus afore said. *Pau*, Christ,

*Dan*, one tribe is put for the whole nation per *Synecdochen*.

*Where Tytan*, the Sunne. Which storie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from whence he saith, all night time is to be seene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather a rounde forme, and thereof riseth the Sunne, whom the Poets call Tytan.

*The shepheard*, is Endymion, whom the Poets faigne to haue been so beloued of Phoebe, i. the Moone, that he was by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of thirtie yeares, for to enioy his companie.

*There*, that is in Paradiſe, where through error of the ſhepherds vnderſtanding, he ſaith, that all ſhepherds did uſe to feede their flockes, till one, (that is) Adam by his folly & diſobedience, made all the reſt of his offspring be debarred and ſhut out from thence.

*Synab*, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

*Our Ladies bowre*, a place of pleaſure ſo called.

*Faunes, or Syluanes*, be of Poets ſaigned to be Gods of the wood.

*Medway*, the name of a riuer in Kent, which running by Rocheſter, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both becauſe hee is greater, and alſo falleth ſooner into the ſea.

*Meint*, mingled. *Melampode* and *Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diſeaſed Gotes, of the one ſpeaketh Mantuan, and of the other Theocritus.

*Terminthoua tragoon eikaton acremonia*.

*Nigher heauen*, note the ſhepherds ſimpleneſſe, which ſuppoſeth that from the hilles is nearer way to heauen.

*Lewin*, lightning, which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighneſſe to heauen, becauſe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountains, according to the ſaying of the Poet.

*Feriantque ſummos fulmina montes*.

*Lorrell*, a loſell:

*A borrell*, a plaine fellow,

*Narre*, nearer.

*Hale*, for hole.

*Tede*, go.

*Frowye*, muſtie or moſſie.

*Of yore*, long ago.

*Forewent*, gone afore.

*The firſt ſhepherd*, was Abell the righteous, who (as Scripture ſaith) bent his mind to keeping of ſheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

*His keepe*, his charge, i. his flocke. *Lowted*, did honour and reuerence.

*The brethren*, the twelue ſonnes of Iacob, which were ſheepmaſters, and liued onely thereupon.

*VVhom Ida*, Paris which being the ſonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which beeing with childe of him, dreamed ſhe brought forth a firebrand, that ſet the tower of Ilium on fire, was caſt forth on the hill Ida, where being foſtred of ſhepherds, he eke in time became a ſhepherd, and laſtly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

*A laſſe*, Helena the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promiſed to Paris, who therevpon with a ſort of luſtie Troyans, ſtole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cauſe of the ten yeares warre in Troy, and the moſt famous citie of all Aſia, lamentably ſacked and defaced.

*Argus*, was of the Poets deuifed to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the tranſfoumed Cowe Io: ſo called,



because that in the print of the Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middle of an O.

*His name*, he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more *Decorum*, the shepheard saith he hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the person.

*Not so true*, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatrie.

*In purple*, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, which vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

*Belts, girdles.*

*Glitterand*, glittering, a participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore.

*Their Pan*, that is the Pope, whom they count their God and greatest shepheard.

*Palmode*, A shepheard, of whose report he seemeth to speake all this.

*VVesards*, great learned heads. *VVelter*, VVallow.

*Kerne*, a Churle or farmer. *Sike mister men*, such kinde of men.

*Surly*, stately and prowde. *Melling*, medling.

*Bett*, Better. *Benempte*, named. *Gree*, for degree.

*Algrin*, the name of a shepheard aforesaid, whose mishap hee alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brained with a shell fish.

#### *Emblems.*

By this poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speach by sundry reasons he had prooued, for being both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to praise the mean and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without daunger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the midst, being enuironed with two contrarie vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in supremacie. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree: so as if any thing bee higher or better, then that way ceaseth to be perfect happinesse. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great doctor, *Suorum Christus humillimus*: which saying a gentleman in the companie taking at the rebound, beate backe againe with a like saying of another doctor, as he sayde, *Suorum Deus altissimus*.



## Aegloga Octava.

## ARGUMENT.

**I**N this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Aeglogue. They chose for Vmpere of their strife, Cuddy a neat-heards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselve a proper song, whereof Colm he saith was Author.

Willie. Perigot. Cuddie.

**T**ELL mee Perigot, what shall be the game,  
Wherfore with mine thou dare thy musicke match?

O bene thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame:

O hath the Crampe thy ioynts benoind with ach?

Perigot.

Ah Willie, when the hart is ill assaide,

How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be wel apaide?

Willie.

What the soule euil hath thee so bestead?

Whilom thou was peragal to the best,

And wont to make the ielly shepheards glad

With ppying and dauncing, did passe the rest.

Perigot.

Ah Willie, now I haue leard a new daunce:

By old musicke made by a newe mischaunce.



Willie.

Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,  
That so hath cast vs of our meriment:  
But rede me, what paine doth thee so apall?  
O, louest thou, or bene thy yonglings mistwent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my yonglings, and mee:  
I pine for paine, and they may plaine to see.

V Villie.

Hardie and well away: ill may they thrive:  
Neuer knew I louers thæpe in good plight:  
But and if rymes with me thou dare strue,  
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

Perigot.

What shall I do, though moche worse I fared:  
Neuer shall be said that Perigot was dæred.

V Villie.

Then loe Perigot the Pledge, which I plight,  
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:  
Whererein is enchased many a faire sight,  
Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fiers warre:  
And ouer them spzed a goodly wilde Vine,  
Entraibed with a wanton Puisse wine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:  
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swaine,  
To saue the innocent from the beasts pawes:  
And here with his sheephoke hath him slaine.  
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer seene?  
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Whereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,  
Of all my flocke there nis like another:  
For I brought him by without the Damb.  
But Colin Clout cast me of his brother,  
That he purchast of me in the plaine field:  
Soze against my will was I forst to yeld.

V Villie.

Siker make like account of his brother,  
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

## Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,  
Which ouer the poulse hetherward doth post.

## VVillie.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,  
Were not better, to shunne the scozching heate?

## Perigot.

Well agræd VVillie : then sit thee downe swaine:  
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

## Cuddie.

Giue, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards swaine :  
Sike a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Will. I fell vpon a holy eue,  
Per. hey ho holiday,  
Will. When holy fathers went to shziue:  
Per. now ginmeth this round delay.  
Will. Sitting vpon a hill so hie,  
Per. hey ho the high hill,  
Will. The while my focke did feed thereby,  
Per. the while the shepheard selse did spill:  
Will. I saue the bouncing Bellibone:  
Per. hey ho Bonnibell,  
Will. Tripping ouer the dale alone,  
Per. she can trip it verie well:  
Will. Well decked in a frocke of gray,  
Per. hey ho gray is græt,  
Will. And in a kirtle of græne say,  
Per. the græne is for maydens mæt:  
Will. A chaplet on her head she woze,  
Per. hey ho chapelet,  
Will. Of sweet Violets therein was stoz,  
Per. swæter then the Violet.  
Will. My sheepe did leaue their wanted food,  
Per. hey ho saely sheepe,  
Will. And gazde on her, as they were wood,  
Per. Wood as he, that did them keepe.  
VVill. As the bonilasse passed by,  
Per. hey ho bonilasse,

Per.



Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,  
 Will. as cleare as the chryſtal glaſſe:  
 Per. All as the Sunny beame ſo bright,  
 Will. hey ho the Sunne beame,  
 Per. Glaunceth from Phoebus face forthright,  
 Will. ſo loue into my heart did ſtreame:  
 Per. O as the thunder cleanes the cloudes,  
 Will. hey ho the thunder,  
 Per. Wherein the lightſome lenin ſhroudes,  
 Will. ſo cleaues thy ſoule aſunder:  
 Per. O as Dame Cynthias ſiluer ray  
 Will. hey ho the Moone light,  
 Per. Upon the glittering waue doth play:  
 Will. ſuch play is a pittious plight.  
 Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,  
 Will. hey ho the glyder,  
 Per. Therewith my ſoule was ſharply gride,  
 Will. ſuch woundes ſone weren wider.  
 Per. Haſting to raunch the arrow out,  
 Will. hey ho Perigot,  
 Per. I left the head in my heart root:  
 Will. it was a desperate ſhot.  
 Per. There it rancleth aye moze and moze,  
 Will. hey ho the arrow,  
 Per. Pe can I finde ſalue ſoz my ſoze:  
 Will. loue is a careleſſe ſozow.  
 Per. And though my bale with death I bought,  
 Will. hey ho heaue chere,  
 Per. Yet ſhould thilke laſſe not from my thought:  
 Will. ſo you may buye golde too deere.  
 Per. But whether in painfull loue I pine,  
 Will. hey ho pinching paine,  
 Per. O thriue in wealth, ye ſhalbe mine.  
 Will. but if thou can her obtaine.  
 Per. And if ſoz graceleſſe grieſe I dye,  
 Will. hey ho graceleſſe grieſe,  
 Per. Witneſſe, ſhe ſlue me with her eye  
 VWill. let thy folly be the prieſe.  
 Per. And you, that ſaue it, ſimple ſheape,  
 VWill. hey ho the faire flocke,

Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall waepe,  
 Will. and mone with many a mocke.  
 Per. So learnd I loue on a holy eue,  
 Will. hey ho holy day,  
 Per. That euer since my heart did greue.  
 Will. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddie.

Siker, like a roundle neuer heard I none.  
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best.  
 And Willie is not greatly ouergone,  
 So weren his vnder songes well addreff.

Willie.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye  
 Aræde vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Faith of my soule, I deeme eche haue gained,  
 For thy, let the Lambe be Willie his swne:  
 And for Perigot so well hath him pained,  
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:  
 He can Willie wite the witelesse heardgrome.

Willie.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I wæne.  
 The shepheard of Ida, that iudge beauties Quæne.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepheards, should it not yshend  
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse  
 Of Rosalinde (who knowes not Rosalinde?)  
 That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:  
 With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willie.

Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrouted be  
 In Colins stæde, if thou this song aræde:  
 For neuer thing on earth so please th me,  
 As hun to heare, or matter of his deede.

Cuddie.

Then listeneth eche vnto my heauie lay,



And tunc your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

**Y**C wastful woods beare witnessse of my woe,  
 Wherin my plaints did oftentimes resounde:  
 We carelesse byrds are priuie to my cries,  
 Which in your songs were wont to make a part:  
 Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,  
 Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.  
 Resort of people doth my griefes augment,  
 The walled townes do worke my greater woe:  
 The forrest wide is fitter to resound.  
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cries,  
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,  
 Whose wallefull wail debars mine eyes from sleepe.  
 Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
 Let all that swate is koyd: and all that may augment  
 My dole dralwe nere. Dore meeke to waille my woe,  
 Bene the wilde woods, my sorowes to resound,  
 Then bed, noz bowze, both which I fill with cries,  
 When I them see so waffe, and finde no part  
 Of pleasure pass. Here will I dwell apart  
 In galkfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe  
 Do close mine eyes: so shall I not augment  
 With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe:  
 Helpe me ye banefull birds, whose shrieking sound  
 Is signe of dreery death my deadly cries  
 Most ruthfully to tunc. And as my cries  
 (Which of my woe cannot be wyay least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your yrkesome yelles augment.  
 Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe  
 I bowled haue to waffe .til safe and sound  
 Shee home returne, whose voyces shuer sound  
 Do cheerfull songes can chaunge my cheerlesse cries.  
 Hence with the Nighthingale wil I take part,  
 That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe  
 In songes and plaintiue pleas, the more t'augment  
 The memoire of his misdeed, that byed her woe:  
 And you that feele no woe, when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,

Let breake your sounder sleepe and pittie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioy,

How I admire each turning of thy verse:

And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liefest boy,

How dolefully his dele thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blow your pipes shepherds, til you be at home:

The night higheth fast, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

*Vincenti gloria visiti.*

V Villics Embleme.

*Vinto non vitta.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Felice chi puo.*

## GLOSSE.

*Bestadde*, disposed, ordered.

*Peregall*, equall.

*Whilome*, once.

*Rasfe*, bereft, depriued.

*Miswent*, gone astray.

*Ill may*, according

to Virgil.

*Infelix o semper onis pecus.*

*A mazer*, So also doo Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of theyr strife.

*Enchased*, engrauen. Such prettie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede, hee by that name termeth his Aeglogues, for Idyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they bee called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

*Entraiued*, wrought betweene.

*Haruest Queene*, The maner of countrey folke in haruest time.

*Pouffe*, Peafe.

*It fell vpon*, Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his Loue, to whome Willye answereth euery vnder verse, By Perigot who is ment, I cannot vp-rightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, shee deserueth no lesse praise, then he giueth her.



Greete, weeping and complaint,  
crowne.

*Leuin*, Lightning.

*Gryde*, pearced.

*But if*, not vnlesse.  
so saith Virgil.

*Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland like a

*Cynthia*, was said to be the Moone.

*Squint eye*, partiall iudgement.

*Eche hane*,

*Et vitula in dignus, & hic &c.*

*Dooe*, iudgement.

*Dempt*, for deemed, iudged,

*Write the mitelesse*, blame the blamelesse.

*The shepheard of Ida*, was said to be Paris.

*Beauties Queene*, Venus, to whom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as  
the price of hir beautie.

*Embleme.*

The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his owne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due, saying, that, hee is happie which can: so abruptly ending, but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the best, or moderate himselfe being best, and leaue off with the best.

*Aegloga*





*Aegloga Nona.*  
**ARGUMENT.**

**H**erein Diggon Dauie is deuised to be a shepheard that in hope of more gaine, drone his sheepe into a farre cuntry. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbimols demaund, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinoll. Diggon Dauie,

**D**iggon Dauie, I bid her God day:  
 O Diggon her is, or I mistay,  
 Diggon.

Her was her, while it was day light,  
 But now her is a most wretched wight.  
 For day that was, is wightly past,  
 And now at earkt the darke night doth haft.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon arède, who has thée so dight?  
 Neuer I wilst thée in so poze a plight.  
 Where is y faire flock, thou wast woon to lead:  
 O beene they chaffred? or at mischiese dead?

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thée most léeze,  
 Hobbinoll, I pray thée gall not my old gréeze:  
 Sike question rippeth vp cause of new wo,  
 For one opened mote vnfold many mo.

¶ 3

Hobbinoll



## Hobbinoll.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in heart,  
 I know, to keepe is a burdenous smart.  
 Each thing imparted is moze easly to beare:  
 When the raine is fallen, the clouds waie cleare.  
 And now sithence I saw thy head last,  
 Thyse thre Hoones beene fully spent and past:  
 Since when thou hast measured much ground,  
 And wandzed weele about the world round,  
 So as thou can many things relate,  
 But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

## Diggon.

My sheepe beene wasted, (woe is me therefore)  
 The iolly shepheard that was of yore,  
 Is now noz iolly, noz shepheard moze.  
 In foireine costes men said, was plentie:  
 And so there is, but all of miserie.  
 I dempt there much to haue eeked my stoze,  
 But such eeking hath made my heart soze.  
 In tho countries where I haue bene,  
 No boeing foz those, that truely mene,  
 But foz such, as of guile maken gaine,  
 No such countrey, as there to remaine.  
 They setten to sale their shops of thame,  
 And maken a market of their god name.  
 The shepheardes there robben one another,  
 And layen baytes to beguile her brother.  
 O: they will buye his sheepe fozth of the cote.  
 O: they will caruen the sheapheardes throte.  
 The shepheardes swaine you cannot well ken,  
 But it be by his pride, from other men:  
 They looken bigge as Bulles, that beene bate,  
 And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,  
 As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

## Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,  
 That vnneth may I stand any moze:  
 And now the Westerne winde bloweth soze,  
 That is in his chiefe soueraigntee,  
 Beating the withered leafe from the tree.

Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:  
 Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,  
 And make a mocke at the blustering blaff,  
 Now say on Diggon, what euer thou haſt.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah Hobbin, I curſe the ſteund,  
 That euer I caſt to haue loꝛne this ground.  
 Viel-away the while I was ſo fond,  
 To leaue the good, that I had in hond,  
 In hope of better, that was vncouth:  
 So loſt the Dogge the fleſh in his mouth.  
 My ſeely ſheepe (ah ſeele ſheepe)  
 That hereby there I whileme vſde to keepe,  
 All were they luſkie, as thou diddeſt ſee,  
 Wene all ſterued with pine and penurie:  
 Hardly my ſelfe eſcaped thilke paine,  
 Driuen foꝛ need to come houre againe.

Hobbinoll,

Ah ſon, now by thy loſſe art taught,  
 That ſeldome chaunge the better brought.  
 Content who liues with tried ſtate,  
 Needs feare no chaunge of frowning fate:  
 But who will ſeeke foꝛ vnknoꝛne gaine,  
 Oſt liues by loſſe, and leaues with paine.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewicht,  
 With vaine deſire, and hope to be enricht.  
 But ſiker ſo it is, as the bright ſtarre  
 Someth a greater, when it is farre:  
 I thought the ſoyle would haue made me rich:  
 But now I wote it is nothing ſich,  
 Foꝛ either the ſhepheards bene idle and ſtill,  
 And led of their ſheepe, what way they will:  
 Or they bene falſe and full of couetiſe,  
 And caſten to compaſſe many wrong Empryſe.  
 But moꝛe bene fraught with fraud and ſpight,  
 He in god noꝛ godneſſe taken delight:  
 But kinde coles of conſtreck and yze,  
 Where with they ſet all the world on fire:  
 Which when they thinke againe to quenche,

which



With holy water they doen hem all drench,  
 They say they con to heauen the high way:  
 But by my soule I dare vnderfay,  
 They neuer set fote in that same troad,  
 But balle the right way, and strayen abroad.  
 They boast they han the diuell at commaund:  
 But aske hem therefoze, what they haue paund.  
 Harry that great Pan bought with great bozrow,  
 To quite it from the blacke bolwze of sorow,  
 But they han sold thilke same long ago:  
 For they woulden draw with hem many mo.  
 But let hem gang alone a Gods name:  
 As they han bzewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I pray the speake not so dirke.  
 Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then plainly to speake of shepheards most what:  
 Bad is the best (this English is flat)  
 Their ill haniour garres men missay,  
 Both of their doctrine, and their say.  
 They say the world is much war then it went,  
 All for her shepheards is beakly and blont,  
 O ther saine, but how truely I note,  
 All for they holden shame of their cote.  
 Some sticke not to say: (hote cole on her tongue)  
 That like mischief grafeth hem emong.  
 All for they casten too much of worlds care,  
 To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:  
 For such encheason, if you go nie,  
 Few chimnyes reeken you shall espie:  
 The fat Dre that went ligge in the stall,  
 Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.  
 Thus chatten the people in their steds,  
 Like as a Monster of many heads.  
 But they that shooten nearest the pricke,  
 Saine, o ther the fat from their beards do licke.  
 For big Buls of Basan bzace hem about,  
 That with their hornes batten the moze stout:  
 But the leane soules treaden vnder fote,

And to sake redress mought little boote :  
 For liker beene they to plucke away moze,  
 Then ought of the gotten god to restoze.  
 For they beene like soule wagmoires ouergraff,  
 That if thy galage once stiketh fast,  
 The moze to winde it out thou doest swincke,  
 Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sincke,  
 Yet better leaue off with a little losse,  
 Then by much wexelling to leese the grosse.

## Hobbinoll.

How Diggon, I see thou speakest too plaine :  
 Better it were, a little to faigne,  
 And cleenly couer that cannot be cured,  
 Such ill, as is forced, mought needes be endured.  
 But of like pastozs how done the flocks creepe ?

## Diggon.

Like as the shepheards, like beene her sheepe,  
 For they will listen to the shepheards voyce :  
 But if he call hem at their good choyce,  
 They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,  
 And to their folds yeld at their owne leasure.  
 But they had be better come at their call :  
 For many han vnto mischiese fall,  
 And beene of rauinous wolues yzent,  
 All for they would be burome and bent.

## Hobbinoll.

Fie on thee Diggon, and all thy soole leasing,  
 Well is knowne that since the Saron king,  
 Fewer was Wolfe seene, many nor some,  
 Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome :  
 But the fewer Wolves (the sooth to saine,)  
 The moze beene the foxes that here remaine.

## Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in moze secret wise,  
 And with shapen clothing doen hem disguise.  
 They talke not widely as they were wont,  
 For feare of raungers and the great hont :  
 But priuily pralling to and fro,  
 Enaunter they mought be iuly know.



## Hobbinoll.

Or prinie or pert if any bin,  
 We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

## Diggon.

In deede thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,  
 And could make a iolly hole in their fur.  
 But not good dogs hem needeth to chase,  
 But hardie shepheards to discern their face,  
 For all their craft is in their countenance,  
 They beene so graue and full of maintenance.  
 But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,  
 Chaunced to Koffin not long ygo.

## Hobbinoll.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,  
 For not but well mought him betight.  
 He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,  
 And with his word his worke is conuenable.  
 Colin Clout I weene be his selfe boy,  
 (Ah for Colin he whilome my ioy)  
 Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,  
 That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

## Diggon.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:  
 He has a Dogge to bite or to barke,  
 Neuer had shepheard so keene a cur,  
 That waketh, and if but a lease fur.  
 Whilome there wooned a wicked Wolfe,  
 That with many a Lambe had gluttet his gulse,  
 And euer at night went to repairs  
 Unto the flocks, when the Welkin shone faire,  
 Dclad in clothing of seely sheepe,  
 When the good old man bled to sleepe.  
 The at midnight he would barke and bail,  
 (For he had est learned a curres call,  
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.  
 With that the shepheard would break his sleepe,  
 And send out Lewder (for so his dog hote)  
 To rounge the fields with open throte.  
 The when as Lewder was far away,  
 This woluis sheepe would catchen his pray,

A Lambe, or a kid, or a weanell waik :  
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.  
 Long time he used this slipperie prancke,  
 Ere Koffy could for his labour him thancke.  
 At end the shepheard his practise spied,  
 (For Koffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)  
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,  
 Fast in their folds he did them locke,  
 And toke out the Wolfe in his counterfeit cote,  
 And let out the sheepes blood at his throte.

Hobbinoll,

Harry Diggon, what should him affray,  
 To take his owne where euer it lay :  
 For had his wealand bene a little wider,  
 He would haue deuoured both hidder and thidder.

Diggon.

Witchiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,  
 To good for him had bene a great deale worse :  
 For it was a perillous beast aboue all,  
 And eke had he cond the shepherds call :  
 And oft in the night came to the shepcote,  
 And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,  
 As if it the old mans selfe had bene.  
 The dogge his maisters voyce did it weene,  
 Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,  
 And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.  
 So sooner was out, but swifter then thought,  
 Fast by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught :  
 And had not Koffy renne to the steuen,  
 Lowder had bene slain this same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,  
 All for he did his deuoyze belive.  
 If like bene Wolves, as thou hast tolde,  
 How mought we Diggon, hem behold.

Diggon.

How, but with haede and watchfulnesse,  
 For fallen hem of their wilinessse :  
 For thy with shepheard fittes not play,  
 Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:



But euer ligger in watch and ward,  
From sodaine force their flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,  
All the cold season to watch and wait,  
We haene of flesh, men as other bee,  
Why should we be bound to such miserie?  
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,  
Nought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,  
Nought easeeth the care, that doth me so haile,  
What shall I do: what way shall I wend,  
My piteous plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I thee pray,  
Of ayd or counsell in my decay,

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament  
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,  
Nethelisse thou seest my lowly saile,  
What froward fortune doth euer auaille.  
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,  
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.  
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can, I will thee comfort:  
There maist thou ligger in a betchy bed,  
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite,  
Diggon on few such friends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

*Inopem me copia fecit.*

### GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phrase of speech in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie herein ment, who beeing verie friend to the Authour hereof, had beene long in forrain countreys, and there scene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

*Bidde her*, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, whereof commeth beades for praier, and so they say, To bidde his beades, .f. to say his praier. *VVightly*, quickly, or sodainly. *Chaffred*, solde. *Dead at mischiefe*, an vnusuall speech, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

*Leefe*, Deare. *Ethe*, easie. *These three Moones*, nine monethes. *Measured*, for traueiled.

*VVae*, woe, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreased. *Carnen*, cutte. *Kenne*, know. *Cragge*, neck. *Stare*, stoutly. *Stanck*, weary or faint.

*And now*, hee applieth it to the time of the yeare, which is in the ende of haruest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which time the Westerne winde beareth most swaye.

*A mocke*, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis*.

*Lorne*, left. *Soot*, sweete. *Vncouth*, vnknowne. *Hereby, there*, here and there.

*As the bright*, translated out of Mantuan. *Emprise*, for enterprise. *Per Syncopen*.

*Conteck*, strife.

*Trode*, path. *Marrie that*, that is, their soules, which by Popish Exorcismes and practises they damne to hell.

*Blacke*, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Mister*, maner. *Mirke*, obscure. *vuarre*, worse.

*Crumenall*, purse. *Brace*, compasse. *Encheson*, occasion. *Ouergrast*, ouergrowne with grasse. *Galage*, shoe. *The grosse*, the whole.

*Buxome and bent*, meeke and obedient.

*Saxon King*, King Edgare that raigned here in Britanie in the yeare of our Lord. *VVhich King* caused all the *VVolues*, whereof then was store in this cuntry, by a proper policie to be destroied. So as neuer since that time, there haue bene *VVolues* here found, vnlesse they were brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying that there be *VVolues* in England.

*Nor in Christendome*, this saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indeed it was wont to be an olde prouerbe and common phrase. The Originall whereof was, for that most part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was christened, Kent only except, which remained long after in misbeliefe and vnchristened: So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

*Great hunt*, Executing of lawes and iustice. *Euaunter*, least that.

*Inly*, inwardly: aforesaid. *Frenely or pette*, openly saith Chaucer.



*Roffy*, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise gouernaunce of his flocke.

*Colin Clout*, Now I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Authors selfe, whose especiall good friend Hobbinoll saith hee is, or more rightly Maister Gabriell Haruey: of whose especiall commendation, as wel in Poetrie as Rethoricke and other choice learning, we haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his woorkes, but specially in his *Musarum Lacrymae*, and his late *Gratulationum Vuldinensium*, which booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie, afterward presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipful master Capels in Hertfordshire Beside other his sundry most rare & verie notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as his Tyrannomastix, his Olde Natalitia, his Rameidos, and especially that part of Philomusus, his diuine Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of *Roffy* seemeth to colour some particular Action of his, But what, I certainly know not.

*Wanned*, haunted. *Welkin*, skye, aforesaid.  
*A Weaned wasse*, a weaned yongling. *Hidder and shidder*, he and she,  
 Male and Female. *Stenen*, noyse. *Belme*, quickly. *What ener*,  
 Ouids verse translated.

*Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.*  
*Forebaste*, draw or distresse. *Vetchie*, of Pease straw.  
*Embleme.*

This is the saying of *Narcissus* in *Ouid*. For when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not able to content himselfe with much looking thereon, he cried out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But *Diggon* vseth to other purpose, as who that by tryall of many wayes, had found the worst, and through great plentie was fallen into penury. This Poesie I know, to haue bene much vsed of the Authour, and to such like effect, as first *Narcissus* spake it.



*Aegloga Decima.*

ARGUMENT,

**I**N Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthe and commendable an art: or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine Kithousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet, which booke being lately come to my handes, I minde also by Gods grace vpon further advisement to publish.

Piers.            Cuddie.

**C**Vddie, for shame hold by thy heauie head,  
 And let vs cast with what delight to chace,  
 And wearie this long lingring Phœbus race.  
 Whilome thou wont the shepheards lads to leade,  
 In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding base:  
 Now they in thee, and thou in flaxpe art deade.

Cuddie.



Cuddie.

Piers. I haue piped earle so long with paine,  
 That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and woze:  
 And my poze muse hath spent her spared stroze,  
 Yet little god hath got, and much lesse gaine.  
 Such pleasance makes the Grasshopper so poze,  
 And ligge so laid, when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuise,  
 To feede youtnes fanste, and the flocking fry,  
 Delighten much: what I bett for thy?  
 They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.  
 I beate the bush, the birds to them do flye:  
 What god thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the praise is better, then the price,  
 The gloze eke much greater then the gaine:  
 What an honour is it, to restraine  
 The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?  
 O, picke them forth with pleasance of thy vaine,  
 Where to thou list their trained willes entice.

Some as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,  
 How the rurall routs to thee do cleane?  
 Someth tho doest their soule of sense bereaue,  
 All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame  
 From Platoes balefull Wolwe withouten leaue:  
 His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Pecoocks spotted traime,  
 And wondzen at bright Argus blazing eye:  
 But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?  
 O, feedes him once the fuller by a graine?  
 Like praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie,  
 Like words bene winde, and wassen some in vaine.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,  
 Lift by thy selfe out of the lowly dust:  
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of gusts,  
 Turne thee to those, that wold the awfull crowne,

To doubted knights, whose invincible armour ruffs,  
And helmes unbayed upon batty bystone.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,  
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West;  
Whither thou list in faire Elfa rest,  
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing.  
Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,  
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubbozne stroke of strong sounds,  
Was somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:  
Of loue and lustihed tho maist thou sing,  
And carroll lowde, and leade the Millers rounde,  
All were Elifa one of thilke same ring,  
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddie.

Indeed the Romish Tyrus, I heare,  
Through his Meccenas left his Daten reede,  
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,  
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,  
And est did sing of warres and deadly dreede,  
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah Meccenas is yclad in claie,  
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead:  
And all the worthies ligger wraopt in lead,  
That matter made for Poets on to plaie,  
For euer, who in derring dee were dead,  
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye,

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,  
And mightie manhood brought a bedde of ease:  
The baunting Poets found nought worth a pease,  
To put in preace among the learned troupe:  
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,  
And sunbright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poeste,  
Yet of the olde stocke gan to shote againe:



O: it mens follies mote to forst to faine,  
 And roll with rest in rymes of rybaudie:  
 O: as it spzng, it wither must againe;  
 Tom piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O p  rlesse poeſie, where is then thy place?  
 If not in Princes pallace thou doest sit:  
 (And yet is Princes pallace the most fit)  
 Be best of baser birth doth thee embrace.  
 Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,  
 And, whence thou canst, ſite backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percie it is all too weake and wanne,  
 So high to soze and make so large a flight:  
 Her peeced pigeons bene not so in plight,  
 For Colia fits such famous flight to learne:  
 He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,  
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers.

Ah son, for loue doos teach him climbe so hie,  
 And lifts him vp out of the loathsome mire:  
 Such immortall mirro, as he doth admire,  
 Would raise ones minde aboue the starry skie.  
 And cause a caitiue courage to aspire,  
 For lostie loue doth lothe a lowly cie.

Cuddie.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,  
 For lordly loue is such a tyzanne fell:  
 That where he rules, all power he doth expell,  
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,  
 He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,  
 Unwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer castes to compasse waightie prize,  
 And thinkes to thow out thundring words of threath:  
 Let powze in lauish cups and thristie bits of meat.  
 For Bacchus fruit is friend to Phoebus wife:  
 And when with Wine the bzaine begins to sweat,  
 The numbers slow as fast as spzng doth rise.

Thou kenst not Percie how the rime should rage,  
 O if my temples were distaind with wine,  
 And girt in Crowns of wilde Purple wine,  
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,  
 And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,  
 With quaint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my courage coles ere it be warme,  
 For thy content is in this humble shade:  
 Where no such troublous tides han vs assaide,  
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Piers.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies laide:  
 Cuddie shall haue a kisse to soze his farnie.

Cuddies Embleme.

*Agitante calefcimus illo, &c.*

### GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16. Idi'ion, when he reprooued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise towarde Poets, in whom is the power to make men immortall for their good deeds, or shamefull for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The like hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the rest, and applyed to the height of Poericall wit.

*Cuddie*, I doubt whether by Cuddy be specified the Author selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

*VVhilomoe*, sometime.

*Oaten reedes*, Auenæ.

*Ligge so laide*, lye so faint and vnlustie.

*Dapper*, pretie.

*Frye*, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

*To restraine*, This place seemeth to conspire with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus saith, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinit number of youth vsually came to their great solemn feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery five yeare to hold, some learned man being more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of wit and Musick, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or such like. As



whose wonderfull gift all men being astonied & as it were rauished with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: which kinde of men afterward framing their verses to lighter musicke (as of Musicke there be many kindes, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersly eke affect the mindes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some plying with loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure, and so were called Poets or makers.

*Sensebereane*, what the secret working of musick is in the minds of men, as wel appearerh hereby, that some of the auintient Philosophers, and those the most wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the minde was made of a certaine harmony & musicall numbers, for the great compassion, and likenesse of affection in th'one & the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom whē as Timotheus the great Musitian plaied the Phrygian melody, it is said, that hee was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused him selfe to be armed, as ready to go to warre (for that musicke is very warlike.) And immediately when as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so far from warring, that he sat as still, as if he had bin in matters of counsell. Such might is in Musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabian Melody from children & youth, For that being altogither one the fifth and seuenth tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yoong breasts. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here saith, that the Musicke can be reauē the soule of sense.

*The shepheard that*, Orpheus: of whom is said, that by his excellent skil in Musicke and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

*Argus eyes*, of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, because hee had an hundreth eyes: but afterward Mercury with his Musick lulling Argus a sleepe, slue him & brought Io away, whose eyes it is said that Iuno for his eternall memorie, placed in her byrd the Pecoocks taile, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

*VVoundlesse armour*, vnwounded in warre do rust through long peace.

*Display*, A Poeticall metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shew his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroical argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraigne, whom (as before) hee calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knight hood and chiuallry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of his paine in theyr deserued praises, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

*The worthy*, he meaneth (as I ghesse) the most honourable and renowned the Earle of Leycester, whom by his cognizance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraich, being not like y that the names of worldly princes be knowne to countrey clownes.

*Slack*, that is when thou chaungest thy verse to statey course, to matter of more pleafance and delight.

*The Millers*, a kinde of daunce. *Ring*, companie of dauncers.

*The Romish Tyrus*, well knew noble Virgil, who by Mæcenas meanes was brought into the fauor of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to write in loftier kind, then he earst had done.

*Whereon*, in these three verses are the three seuerall workes of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flocke to feede, is meant his *Æglogue*. In labouring of lands, is his *Georgiques*. In singing of warres and deadly dread, is his diuine *Æneis* figured.

*In derring do*, In manhood and chiuallric.

*For euer*, He sheweth the cause why Poets were wont to bee had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their worthinesse & valor should through their famous poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it it is said, that Achilles had neuer beene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verses, which is the onely aduantage, which hee had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer it was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a poets worke, as so renowned and ennobled only by his meane. V Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse woorthily set forth in a Sonnet.

*Giunio Alessandro a la famosa tomba,*

*Del fero Achillo sospirando disse*

*O fortunato che si chiaro tromba Tronasti. &c.*

And that such account hath beene a waye made of Poets, as well sheweth this, that the worthie Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia, had euermore in his companie, and that in most familiar sort, the good olde poet Ennius, as also that Alexander destroyng Thebes, when he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poeth Pindarus was borne in that Citie, not onely comaunded straightly, that no man should vpon paine of death, do any violence to that house, or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a poet, which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom hee lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers workes, as laide vp there for special Jewels and riches, which



he taketh thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and the other every night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this authour here verie well sheweth, as else were more notably.

*But after*, he sheweth the cause of contempt of poeetrie to be idleness and baseness of minde.

*Pent*, shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

*Tom piper*, an ironickall Sarcasimus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

*Nebrest*, the meaner sort of men. *Her peeced pinous*, vnperfect skill: Spoken with humble modestie.

*As soote as swanne*, The comparison seemeth to be straunge: for the swan hath euer woonne small commendation for her sweete singing: but it is said of the learned, that the Swanne a litle before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie, as well saith the poet elsewhere in one of his Sonnets.

The siluer Swan doth sing before her dying day,  
As she that feeles the deepe delight that is in death, &c.

*Immortall mirrour*, Beautie, which is an excellent obiect of poetickall spirits, as appeareth by the worthie Petrarch, saying.

*Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno.  
Ala sua ombra, & crescer ne gli affanni.*

*A caryine courage*, a base and abiect minde.

*For losie loue*, I thinke this playing with the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath beene alwayes in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

*A vacant*, imitateth Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.*

*Lamish cups*, Resembleth the common verse, *Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum.*

*O if my*, he seemeth here to be rauished with a poetickall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth he had forgot the meanness of shepherds state and stile.

*Wilde yue*, for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is sayd, that the Menades (that is Bacchus franticke priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or iauelins, wrapped about with yue.

*In buskin*, it was the maner of poets and players in Tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to vse socks and light shooes. So that the buskin in poeetrie is vsed for tragickall matter, as is said in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina*

*carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.*

**Queint, strange.** Bellona the goddess of battell, that is Pallas, which may therefore well be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter her father was in trauaile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped out lustily a valiant Damsell armed at all points, whom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some curtesie, which the Ladie disdayning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applied to her.

*Equipage, order.*

*Tydes, seasons.*

*Charme, temper and order.* For charmes were wont to be made by verses, as Ouid sayth. *Aut si carminibus.*

*Embleme.*

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this *Aeglogue*, that poe-  
trie is a diuine instinct, and vnnatural rage passing the reach of common rea-  
son. Whom Piers answereth lipiphonematicos, as admitting the excellency  
of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had alreadie had a taste.

November.





*Aegloga undecima.*  
 ARGUMENT.

**I**N this xi. Aeglogue hee bewayleth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknowne albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upō the death of Loyes the French Queen. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opiaion all other the Aeglogues of this Booke.

Thenot. Colin.

**C**olin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
 As thou wert wont, songs of some iouissance?  
 Thy Muse too long slumbrzeth in sorrowing,  
 Lulled asleepe through loues misgouernance.  
 Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse seruance,  
 Among the shepheards swaines may aye remains:  
 Whither thee list thy loued lass aduance,  
 Or honour Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,  
 Nor Pan to herie, nor with loue to play:  
 Like mirth in May is metest for to make,  
 Or sommer shade vnder the cocked hay.  
 But now sad winter welked hath the day,  
 And Phoebus weary of his yearly taske:  
 Established hath his steeles in lowly lay,  
 And taken by his ynnie in fishes hal-ke.  
 Whilke sullen season sadder plight doth al-ke.  
 And loathed like delights, as thou doest praise:  
 The mournesfull Muse in mirth now list ne make.  
 As she was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.  
 But if thou algate list light vielayes,  
 And looser songs of loue to vnder song:  
 Who but thy selke deserues like Poets praise:  
 Relieue thy Daten pypes, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is soueraigne of song,  
 Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee:  
 And I vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,  
 Should Colin make iudge of my foolerie.

Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
 And haue bene watered at the Muses well :  
 The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,  
 And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
 But if sad winters wrath, and season chill,  
 Accord not with thy Muses increment :  
 To sad times thou maist attune thy quill,  
 And sing of sorrow and deaths dixeriment.  
 For dead is Dido, deaw alas and drent,  
 Dido the great sheheard his daughter sheene :  
 The sayrest Day she was that euer went,  
 Her like she has not left behind I weene.  
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull scene,  
 I shall thee giue yond Coffet for thy paine :  
 And if thy rymes as round and rustell beene,  
 As those that did thy Rosalinde complaine,  
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,  
 When kid or Coffet, which I thee benempt :  
 When by I say, thou iolly sheheard swaine.  
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I chose, thou doest me tempt,  
 But ah, too well I wote my humble vaine,  
 And how my rimes beene rugged and vnkempt :  
 Yet as I con, my conning I will straine.

**V**hen Melpomene y mournful Muse of mine  
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:  
 Up grisly ghosts, and by my rusfull rime,  
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no moze:  
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yoze,  
 Dido my deare, alas is dead,  
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead :  
 O heauie herse,  
 Let streaming teares be powzed out in stoze :  
 O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes  
 Waile ye this woful wast of natures warke : (abide,



Wails wee the wight, whose presence was our pride:

Wails we the wight, whose absence is our carke.

The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her woonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night,

O heauie herse.

Speake we our pipes, that shalld as loude as Larke,

O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)

Whose better daies death hath shut vp in wo?

The fayrest flowre our girlond all among,

Is faded quite and into dust ygo.

Sing now yee shepherdes daughters, sing no mo

The songs that Colin made in her praise.

But into weeping turne your wanton layes.

O heauie herse:

Now is time to die. Nay time was long ygoe,

O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,

And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?

Yet some as spring his mantle doth displye,

It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer fayle.

But thing on earth that is of most auaille,

As vertues bzanch and beauties bud,

Reliuen not for any good.

O heauie herse,

The bzanche once dead, the bud eke needs must quaille,

O carefull verse.

Shee while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saue)

For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere:

So well she couth the shepherds entertaine,

With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey chere.

He would she scozne the simple shepherds swaine,

For she would call him often heame.

And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.

O heauie herse,

As Colin Cloute she would not once discaine.

O carefull verse.

But now like happie chère is turnd to heauy chaunce,  
 Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours dint :  
 All Musicke sleepes, where death doth leade the dance,  
 And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.

The blew in blacke, the gréene in gray is tint:

The gaudy girlonds deckt her graue,

The faded flowres her Corse embzauc.

O heauie herse,

Mourne now my muse, now mourne with teares be

O carefull verse. (spirit,

O thou great shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy grief  
 Where bene the nosegayes that thee dight for thee?

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiese,

The knotted ruffings, and gilt Rosemarée?

For thee deemed nothing too déere for thee.

Ah, they béene all clad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heauie herse,

Whereof nought remaines but the memoés,

O carefull verse.

Aye mée that dyerie death shuld strike so mortal stroke,

That can vnder Dame natures kindly course:

The faded lockes fall from the loftie Oke.

The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is their source,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr leade perforce.

The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sundrie colours tourne.

O heauie herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remorfe,

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former fode,

And hang their heads, as they would learn to weepe:

The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:

Now thee is gone that safely did hem keepe.

The Turtle on the bared byaunche

Laments the wound, that death did launch,



O heauie herse.

And Philomele her song with teares dot h steepe:

O carefull verse.

The water nymphs, that went with her to sing and  
And for her girlond Oliue bzanches beare, (dance,  
Now balefull boughs of Cypres doen aduance:

The Hules that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
Now bringen bitter Cloze bzanches seare:

The fatall sisters eke repent,  
Her vitall threed so sone was spent.

O heauie herse,

Hourne now my Hule, now mourne with heauie

O carefull verse. (cheare,

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope,  
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,  
And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:

Now haue I learnde (a lesson deere bought)

That nis on earth assurance to be sought:

For what might be in earthly mould,

That did her buried body hold.

O heauie herse,

Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought,

O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,

And gates of hell, and fierie furies force:

She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,

Her soule vn bodied of the burdenous corpe.

Why then weapes Lobbis so without remorse:

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,

Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent:

O happie herse,

Cease now my Hules, now cease thy sorowes

O ioyfull verse (course,

Why waile we then: why wearie we the gods with  
As if some euill were to her betight? (plaints,

Shee raignes a goddesse now among the saints,

That while me was the saint of shepheards light:

And

And is cr'alled ne' in heauens hight.

I fe the blessed soule, I fe,

Walke in Euban fieldes so free.

O happie herie,

Night I erre come to thee (O that I might)

O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to w'at w'hats good or ill,

We de'eme of Death as come of ill desert:

But knewe we soles, what it vs bzings vntill

Dye would we daily, cnce it to expert.

No daunger there the shepheard can asfert:

Faire fieldes and pleasant layes there bene,

The fieldes aye fresh, the grasse aye greene:

O happie herie.

Make haste ye shepheards, thither to reuert,

O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)

There liues she with the blessed Gods in blisse:

There dzinkes she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,

And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men do misse.

The hono: now of he' h'ek Gods she is,

That whileme was poze shepheards pride:

While here on earth she did abide,

O happie herie,

Cease now my song, my wise n'w wasted is,

O ioyfull verse.

Thenor.

Aye franck shepheard, he w bene thy verses meint

With dolefull pleasance, so as I ne wolte,

Whether reioyce or w'ape soz great cor'straint?

Thine be the C'stette, well hast thou it gotte.

Up Colin vp, y'rough thou mourned hast,

Now ginnes to mizzle, he we he m'ward fall.

Colins Fmbleme.

La mort n'y mord.



## GLOSSE.

*Iouissance*, myrth. *Souenance*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.  
*Welked*, shortned or empayred, As the Moone being in the wayne is said  
of Lidgate to welk.

*In lowly lay*, according to the season of the moneth of Nouember, when  
the Sunne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

*In fishes haske*, the sunne raygned, that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouem-  
ber, a haske is a wicker ped, wherein they vse to carrie fish.

*Virelayes*, a light kind of song.

*Bewarred*, for it is a saying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muses  
Well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently said.

*Dreeriment*, dreery and heauie cheere.

*The great shepheard*, is some man of high degree, and not as some vainly  
suppose, God Pan. The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vn-  
knowne, and closely buried in the Authours conceipt. But out of doubt I  
am, that it is not Rosalinde, as some imagine: for he speaketh soone after of  
her also.

*Sbene*, fayre and shining. *May*, for mayde. *Teene*, sorrow.

*Guerdon*, reward, *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

*Cosset*, a lambe brought vp without the Dam. *Vukempt*, In compti. Not  
combed, that is, rude and vnhanfome.

*Melpomene*. The sadde and wailefull Muse, vsed of Poets in honour and  
Tragedies: as saith *Virgil*, *Melpomene tragico proclamat moesta bati.*

*Vp grieisly ghosts*, The manner of the tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of  
Furies and damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, & Tantalus brought  
in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

*Herse*, is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

*Wast of*, decay of so beautifull a peece. *Carke*, care.

*Ab why*, an elegat Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was 'og ago

*Floret*, a diminutiue for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious  
comparison, *A minore ad maius.*

*Reliue not*, liue not againe. i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen  
they receiue their due reward.

*The braunch*, He meaneth Dido, who being as it were the maine branch  
now withered, the buds, that is, beautie (as hee sayd afore) can no more  
flourish.

*With cakes*, fit for shepherds bankets. *Heame*, for home, after the Nor-  
then pronouncing. *Tinct*, dyed or stained.

*The gaudie*, the meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of  
her

her life are made the honour of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.

*Lobbin*, the name of a shepheard, which seemeth to haue bene the louer and deere friend of Dido. *Rusprings*, agreeable for such base gifts.

*Faded lockes*, dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewailed the death of the Mayde.

*Sourse*, spring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the fundrie flowers are like a mantle or couerlet wrought with many colours.

*Philomele* the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue bene a Lady of great beautie, till beeing rauished by her sisters husband, she desired to be turned into a birde of her name, whose complaints be very wel set forth of M. George Gascoine a wittie gentleman, & the very cheefe of our late rimers, who and if some parts of learning wanted not (albe it is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For gifts of witte and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly.

*Cypresse*, vsed of the olde paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrow and heauinesse.

*The fatall sisters*, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the night, whome the Poets faine to spin the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come, but if by other casualtie his daies be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos is said to haue cut the thred in twaine. Hereof cometh a common verse.

*Clotho colam bainlat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.*

*O truffleffe*, a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisdom, and passionate with great affection.

*Beere*, a frame, whereon they vse to lay the dead corps.

*Furies*, of Poets are fained to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, which are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischief.

*Eternal night*, is death or darkenesse of hell. *Betight*, happened.

*I see*, A liuely Icon or presentation, as if he saw her in heauen present.

*Elysian fieldes*, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happie soules do rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

*Die would*, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phadone.

*Astart* befall vnwares.

*Nectar and Ambrosia*, bee fained to be the drinke and foode of the Gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white like cream, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentary vpon the dreames of the same author.



*Embleme.*

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with timely harvest, we must bee gathered in time, or else of our selues we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be couëted for euill, nor (as the Poet said a litle before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer saith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth well with that was saide, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

## December.

*Aegloga Duodecima.*

## ARGUMENT,

**T**His Aeglogue (euen as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan, wherein as wearie of his former waies, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youth to the spring time, when hee was fresh and free from loues follie. His manhood to the sommer, which he saith, was consumed with great heate and excessiue drouth, caused through a Comet or blazing Starre,

Starrs, by which hee meaneth lano, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate, his ripest yeares he resembleth to an vnseasonable haruest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chill and frostie season now drawing neere to his last ende.

The gentle shepheard late besiden spring,  
 Al in the shadow of a bushie Bzere,  
 That Colin hight, which well could pipe & sing,  
 For he of Tityrus his songs did lere.  
 There as he late in secrete shade alone,  
 Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,  
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:  
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,  
 Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwarie shepe.  
 Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard,  
 Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch & ward

I thee beseech (so be thou deigne to heare,  
 Kude ditties tunde to shepheards Daten reede,  
 Or if I euer sonnet sung so cleare,  
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)  
 Hearken a while from thy greene cabinet,  
 The labzell song of carefull Colinet.

Whilom in youth, when flowzed my ioyfull spring,  
 Like swallow swift, I wandzed here and there:  
 For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,  
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.  
 I went the wastfull woods and forrest wide,  
 Withouthen dread of Wolues to beene espide.

I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket,  
 And gather nuts to make me Christmas game:  
 And ioyed oft to chase the trembling Bzicket,  
 Or hunt the heartlesse hare, till she were tame.  
 That wreaked I of wintrie ages wast,  
 Tho deemed I my spring would euer last.



How often haue I scaled the craggie Dike,  
 All to vilodge the Raven of her nest:  
 How haue I wearied with manie a stroke  
 The statelie Walnut tree, the while the rest  
 Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife:  
 For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

And for I was in thilke same losse yeres,  
 (Whither the Muse, so wrought me from my birth:  
 Or I too much beleued my shepheard peres)  
 Somedele ybent to song and musickes mirth.  
 A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,  
 Made me by art moze cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare  
 With shepheards swaine, what euer fed in field:  
 And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare,  
 To Pan his owne selfe pipe I neede not yeeld.  
 For if the flocking Nymphes did follow Pan,  
 The wiser Nuses after Colin ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaide,  
 The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
 My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbzaide,  
 My freedome lozne, my life he left to mone.  
 Loue they him called, that gauz me checkmate,  
 But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Who gan my louely spring bid me farewell,  
 And summer season sped him to display  
 (For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)  
 The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.  
 A comet stur'd vp that unkindly heate,  
 That raigned (as men said) in Venus seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afoze,  
 When choise I had to choole my wandring way:  
 But whither lucke and loues vnbriyled loze  
 Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.  
 The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowze,  
 The Woods can witnes manie a wofull Houre.

Where

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Wax,  
 Working her so small rowmes in Wexen frame :  
 The grieufullest Todestole growne there mought I see,  
 And loathing Waddockes lozding on the same.

And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,  
 The gastly Diuole her grauous ynne doth keepe.

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,  
 And byingeth forth the fruit of summers pryde :  
 All so my age now passed youthly pryne,  
 To things of riper reason selfe applide.

And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,  
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the spightingale,  
 And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont :  
 Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,  
 Was better scene, or hurtfull beastes to hunt.

I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,  
 How Phoebus failes, where Venus sits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,  
 The sodaine rising of the raging seas :  
 The sothe of byrds by beating of their wings,  
 The powre of hearbes, both which can hurt and ease :

And which be wont t' enrage the restless sheepe,  
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah watwise and witlesse Colin Clour,  
 That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede :  
 Pat kydst not one to cure thy soze heart rof,  
 Whose ranccking wound as yet does risely blaede.

Why liuest thou still, and yet hast thy deaths wound ?  
 Why diest thou still, and yet aliue art found ?

Thus is my summer woone alway and walled :  
 Thus is my haruett hastened all to rathe :  
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt and blatted,  
 And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.

Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,  
 Was nought but bzakes & bzambles to be mowne.



By beughs and blossoms that cre wined were at first,  
 And promised of timely fruit such store:  
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst,  
 The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,  
 And rotted, ere they were halfe mellew ripe:  
 By haruest wast, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,  
 Beene withered as they had beene gathered long:  
 Their rootes beene dried vp for lacke of dewe,  
 Yet dewed with teares they han beene euer among.  
 Ah, who has wrought my Rosalinde this spight,  
 To spill the flowres, that should her girlond dight:

And I, that whilome went to frame my pipe,  
 Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote:  
 Like follies now haue gathered as to ripe,  
 And cast hem out, as rotten and vnscote.  
 The loser Lasse I cast to please no more,  
 One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue  
 Pought reaped but a weedie crop of care:  
 Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling  
 Cockle for cozne, and chaffe for barley bare. (Theaus  
 Some as the chaffe should in the fan be finde,  
 All was blowne away of the wauering winde,

So now my yeare drawes to my latter terme,  
 By spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:  
 By haruest hasts to stir vp winter sterne,  
 And bids him claime with rigozous rage his right.  
 So now he stormes with many a sturdie stoure,  
 So now his blustering blast each coast doth scoure,

The carefull colde hath nipt my rugged rinde,  
 And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:  
 My head besprent with hoarie frost I finde,  
 And by mine eie the crow his claw doth wright.  
 Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past,  
 No sunne now shines, clouds han all ouercast.

How leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glée,  
 My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this sound:  
 Here will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,  
 Was neuer pipe of reede did better sound.  
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,  
 And after winter dzerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,  
 My little flocke, that was to me most lief:  
 Let me, ah let me in your folds ye locke,  
 Ere the hzeme winter breed you greater griefe.  
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,  
 And after winter commieth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,  
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:  
 Adieu my little lambes and loued sheepe,  
 Adieu ye woods, that oft my witnesse were:  
 Adieu good Hobbinoll, that was so true,  
 Tell Rosalinde, her Colin bids her adieu.

## Colins Embleme.

## GLOSSE.

*Tyrim.* Chaucer, as hath beene oft said,      *Lambkins*, yong lambes,  
 Als of their, seemely to expresse Vergils verse.

*Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.*

*Deigne*, vouchsafe.      *Cabinet*, *Colmet*, diminutiues.

*Mazie*, For they be like to a maze whence it it hard to get out againe.

*Pears*, Fellowes and companions.

*Musick*, that is Poetrie, as Terence saith *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poets.

*Derring do*, afore said.

*Lions house*, he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote signe Leo, which is in midst of Sommer, a pretie allegory where of the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinary heat of lust.

*His ray*, which is cupid's beame of flames of loue.

*A comet*, a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his hote loue.



*Venus*, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beauiue, which hath alway aspect to Venus, was the cause of his vnquietnesse in loue.

*Where I was*, a fine discription of the change of his life and liking, for all things now seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.

*Lording*, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogs sitting, which is indeed lordly, not moouing or looking once aside, ynesse they be stirred.

*Then as*, The second part, that is, his manhood.

*Cotes*, Shepcotes, for such be exercises of shepheards.

*Sale* or fallow, a kinde of wood like willow, fitte to wreathe and binde in heapes to catch fish withall.

*Phœbe sailes*, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

*Venus. i.* Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest stars, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres being conuenient for shepheards to know, Theocritus and the rest vse.

*Raging seas*, The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waining and decreasing.

*Sooth of birds*, A kind of soothsaying vsed in the elder times, which they gathered by the flying of birds: First (as is said) inuented by the Thuscans, and from them deriued to the Romanes (who as it is said in Leuy) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

*Of herbs*, That wondrous things be wrought by herbs, as wel appeareth by the common working of them in our bodyes, as also by the wondertull enchauntments and forceries that haue beene wrought by them, insomuch that it is said, that Circe a famous forcereffe, turned men into sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, and only by herbes: as the Poet saith, *Dea sena potentibus herbis, &c.*

*Kidst*, knowest.      *Eare*, of corne.      *Scathe*, losse, hinderance.

*Euer among*, Euer and anone.

*This is my*, The third part wherin is set forth his ripe yeares as an vntimely haruest that bringeth little fruit.

*The fragrant flowers*, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, wherin our poet is seene: be they witnesse which are priue to his study.

*So now my yeere*. The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wintrie stormes.

*Carefull cold*, for care is said to coo'e the bloud. *Glee*, mirth.

*Hoarie frost*, A metaphor of hoarie haire scattered like a gray fiost.

*Breeme*, sharpe and bitter.

*Adieu delights*, is a conclusion of all. Where in fixe verses he comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalinde, in the third, the keeping of sheep, which is the argument of all the *Æglogues*. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll,

*Embleme.*

The meaning whereof is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but works of learned wits and monuments abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though full indeed of great wit and learning, yet of no so great waight and importance, boldly saith,

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*

*Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax.*

Therefore let not be enuid, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith, he made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace and Ouid in the like.

*Grande opus exegi, quod nec Ionis ira, nec ignis,*

*Nec ferrum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.*

*Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,  
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:  
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,*

*It shall continue til the worlds dissolution,*

*To teach the reader shepheard how to feede his sheepe,  
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.*

*Go little Calender, thou hast a free passport:*

*Go but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sort.*

*Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,*

*Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-man plaid a while:*

*But follow them furre off, and their high steps adore,*

*The better please, the worse displease, I aske no more.*

*Merce non mercede.*

**F I N I S.**



Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

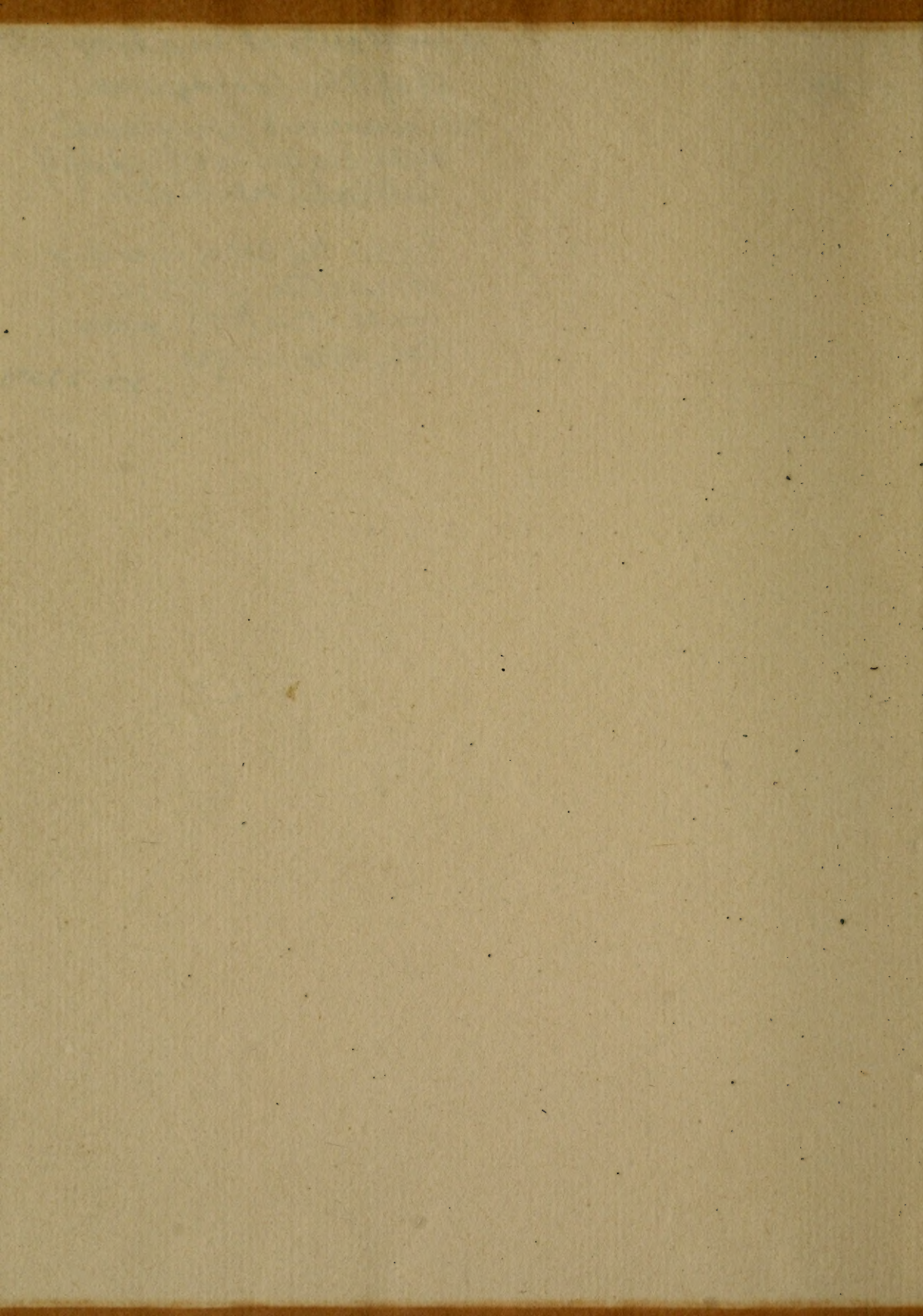
Second block of faint, illegible text, appearing to be a list or a series of entries.

Third block of faint, illegible text, continuing the list or entries.

Fourth block of faint, illegible text, possibly a concluding paragraph or a signature area.







Airri



